ARE YOU A SLAVE OF DESIRE? *READ* THE TORMENTED ONES

ADVENTURE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OF EXCITING FICTION AND FACT

APRIL, 25c

A SHOCKING TRUE STORY
THE CASE OF
The Deadly Doll

WHEN HELL BROKE LOOSE IN THE PRISON
READ
"WE'LL KILL YOU—DEAD!"

LAND OF THE
LOVE-CAPTIVE GIRLS

CASH IN QUICK ON NEW SHOE CRAZE!

Comes in 121 color combinations, with any school or club initials your customer wants!

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We'll set you up in a Money-Making Shoe Store Business FREE! Just 8 Easy Orders a Day bring you up to $960 a month!

Want Plenty of Money? Just show young men, college or high school students America's newest, hottest shoe craze . . . Mason Kampus King. They go wild over colorful school letter or personal initial right on each shoe. You take easy orders—collect cash deposits—get big Bonuses and Prizes every month you work spare time or full time.

121 Exciting COLOR COMBINATIONS. *Your customers choose from 121 different combinations of colors and letters. Ideal for schools, colleges, fraternities, bands, etc.*

Mason Men have made big money for half a century—but now a whole new market is open to them. This exciting new shoe style can be your private "gold mine". No wonder the Kampus King sells on sight to organizations, marching units, students, and "hep" individuals. No wonder your first sale will start such an "endless chain" of sales and profits, because this is the kind of NEW IDEA young folks go for BIG!

You Offer 210 Fast-Selling Shoes and Jackets—Something for EVERY Man and Woman Yes, here's a wonderful business for you, if you want to make really important money with a line you can sell to everybody—if you want steady cash profits every month. And you never invest one cent—we furnish everything FREE, so you can start raking in profits your very first hour! No rent to pay—no light bills, clerk hire or other overhead. You keep 100% of your profits!

Here's PROOF: Ambitious man wanted in every town, to earn this kind of money! James Kelly took so many orders for these Nationally Advertised shoes he made $93.55 in ONE EVENING! Fred Mapes makes $5.00 to $10 every hour he devotes to his Mason Shoe Business. Charley Tuttle averages over $80 extra weekly in part time. How much do YOU want to make? It's up to YOU!

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Everything Furnished FREE! We'll furnish your complete Starting Outfit FREE! Just rush coupon. It brings you—FREE and POSTPAID—*everything* you need to take profitable orders for Kampus King Shoes—sensational Ripple Sole Shoes—insulated Jackets & Boots—Sylflex Shoes—work shoes—210 in all! You can start with Mason in Spare Time, switch over to full time when you like. Get your own and family's shoes wholesale! You can't go wrong—so send the coupon now!

MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. F-346 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

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Wherever you go, working people are eager prospects for famous Mason Air Cushion extra-comfort on-the-job shoes. That's why so many Mason Shoe Counselors multiply earnings with **quantity** orders, by specializing in shoe needs of policemen, postmen, factory workers, nurses, waitresses, service station men! We furnish sales aids . . . show you how to get the orders. Don't delay—mail coupon for **your** FREE Starting Outfit **today!**

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Mr. Ned Mason
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. F-346
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Ok, Ned! I want to make extra spare time money fast—up to $960 a month for 8 orders a day. Rush EVERYTHING I need to start—FREE and POSTPAID!

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

This story actually happened. The man's name has been changed and this is not his photograph, but the facts are true.

"Your name is on the list"

Doug Mott was not surprised. The recession was on and the assembly line where he worked was almost at a standstill.

And then, strangely, the boss began to smile. "You know how the Engineering Department sends us blueprints and then we have to send them back for revision because they just aren't practical to produce?" Doug nodded . . . wondering. "That's waste . . . and we can't allow it to continue. That's why we thought that if we had a man who knew assembly and production — and drafting, too — he could act as liaison man between engineering and production. You know production, Doug . . . and you're studying drafting with I. C. S. You've got a *new* job. Congratulations!"

Doug Mott now heads a drafting room. But he will never forget the day his name was on the list to be laid off.

Good times or bad, I. C. S. training sets a man off from his fellows, puts him on the road to promotion. You can start on that road by filling out the coupon *now!*

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A fugitive's secret brought out the king's men, crooks and a pirate . . . . . page 22

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ADVENTURE

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

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"We're looking for people who like to draw"

By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

Do you like to draw or paint? If you do – America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. About ten years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience; the professional know-how; and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then – illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings – we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art – even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency – and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Helps Design New Cars

Halfway through our training, Don Golemba of Detroit landed a job in the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models.

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meecham of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an $18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis was a clerk when he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising art studio business and earns *seven times* his former salary.

Having taken our training, busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss, now adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern – a Montana cowboy – studied with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

Free Art Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but we'll send it to you free. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail the coupon today.

ALBERT DORNE

NORMAN ROCKWELL

JON WHITCOMB

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FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 847, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

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Bob Eaton, says:

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO "BE BOSS" OF YOUR OWN $10,000 A YEAR SHOE BUSINESS?

(and you can start in *spare time!*)

No investment, no overhead, no stock to carry—yet you can easily do a $10,000 business your first year. It's *free-and-clear* business, and repeat orders keep rolling in with easy profits!

WE BACK YOU WITH OVER 180 STYLES!

America's greatest values in *Guaranteed Comfort* dress, work, casual shoes and boots. Over a quarter million pairs in stock! Sell full time if you wish, spare time if now employed and have an *extra income* for life! Our *simple 2-finger demonstration* makes shoe selling a snap. Immediate Cash Commissions, big Cash Bonus, Paid Vacation, FREE Shoe Offers, Cash Awards.

ORDINARY SOLE IS "STIFF AS A BOARD"! Every step is like a hammer blow. You feel worn out all day.

CHESTER PATENTED AIR CUSHION soft — comfortable — flexible. Like "floating on a cloud" all day!

Show Ripple Soles, Insulated Boots, men's, women's, children's shoes. Sizes 4 to 18, widths AAAA to EEEE. Revolutionary new leather soles with twice the wear guaranteed! New push-button Shoe Shine Spray, Foot Spray for tired feet.

ACTUAL SHOE SAMPLES SUPPLIED TO PRODUCERS!

"TRADE-IN SALE OF OLD SHOES"

SELLS NEW SHOES FOR YOU

Only Charles Chester offers your customers cash for old worn-out shoes! It's dramatic, different—appeals to "trade-in" conscious America—helps you get profitable orders faster! No pick-up or delivery on your part. We handle all details and donate serviceable old shoes to charity.

Send for FREE New Selling Outfit!

Write NOW if you want the security, independence and *big steady income* of a business of your own. You can't lose—we take all risk!

Write to:

Bob Eaton, CHARLES CHESTER SHOE CO. Dept.D-5922 Brockton 64, Mass.

MAIL COUPON RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

Mr. Bob Eaton, CHARLES CHESTER SHOE CO. Dept.D-5922 Brockton 64, Mass.

I'd like to own a prosperous, independent business with Chester Shoes. Send all equipment I need ABSOLUTELY FREE — without obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

CAMPFIRE

CHARLES HENRY, JR., who wrote "The Case of the Deadly Doll," page 30, first broke into newspaper work on the Helena *Independent,* Helena, Montana; and later worked on Pacific Coast sheets; winding up on the Oakland *Tribune* where he spent four years covering everything in the book. Hit by the Depression, he traveled to New York in a baggage car with a corpse. In 1933 he worked his way to France, got a job with INS and later

with McCormick's Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune.*

On the British newspaper, *The Daily Express,* he worked on general assignments and covered the Windsor show from start to finish.

He watched the French go to war, then shortly after switched to NBC, going to Rome as correspondent until he was offered the Berlin post which was then considered the most important in Europe. He surveyed the Russian frontier and parts of Poland; went with the German Army when the Nazis invaded Yugoslavia and Greece.

At Semlin he was arrested, suspected of espionage, and fought with Nazi censors and officials. He managed to be the first American commentator on the air with two major stories of the year—the Balkan Campaign and Germany's attack on Russia.

Seeing that his days were numbered around Berlin, he suggested that NBC open an office in Switzerland. This was okayed by New York, and in October, 1941 he flew out of Germany—the last American to leave the country.

From Switzerland he had a bird's-eye view of the European war picture, until Aug, 1942, when he was recalled to New York. In September, 1943, he went overseas again.

Now, he is in Turkey. Mr. Henry gets around.

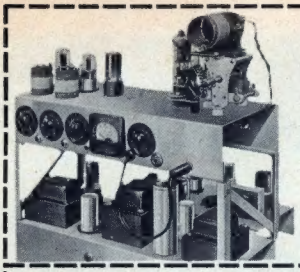
RAY P. SHOTWELL author of "Legion of Lost Men," page 13, was born in an ambulance a few minutes after his mother had been rescued from a blazing building in San Francisco.

As a boy, Ray learned photography in his father's small portrait studio, but found the life so dull that at age fifteen he stowed away on a freighter bound for the South Pacific.

He talked the captain out of the brig routine and they compromised. Ray promised to go quietly, so he slipped overside, camera and all, while the freighter was waiting to dock.

He played hide-and-seek with authorities and hid out in, of all places, a waterfront bordello. Again he was discovered, this time by the proprietress of the establishment. Again he talked his way out of trouble and the sentimental lady gave him a job as errand boy. He stayed long enough to eat the place practically out of house and home and to accumulate enough tips to constitute walking-around money. Then he took off to resume what he hoped would be a jaunt around the world. It has taken him quite a lot longer than eighty days. He's never quite made it. For one thing, World War II overtook him in Honolulu. He entered military service and for three years was shuttled hither and yon, principally in the China-India-Burma Theatre. He was a combat correspondent, a photographer and a policeman (kitchen).

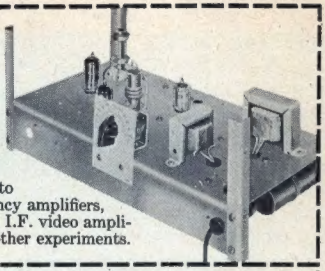
After the war he became a roving photog for a picture agency in Paris. His assignments have taken him into some of the world's oddest corners, but never thus far quite around it. Someday, Ray hopes, he'll make it. ■ ■



YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

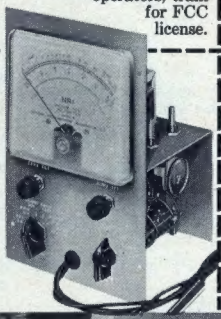
YOU BUILD Signal Generator



N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.

YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.



YOU BUILD AC-DC Superhet Receiver

N.R.I. servicing training supplies all parts, everything is yours to keep. Nothing takes the place of practical experience. You get actual servicing experience by practicing with this modern receiver; you learn-by-doing.

Learn RADIO TELEVISION

by Practicing at Home

WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.

Paid for Instruments

"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.

Has Own TV Business

"We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing, and get TV repairs. During my Army service, NRI training helped get me a top rated job." W. M. WEIDNER, Fairfax, South Dakota.

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It's the trained man who gets ahead. The fellow who uses his spare time to develop knowledge and skill gets the better job, drives a better car, lives in a better home, is respected for what he knows and can do. So plan now to get into Radio-TV.

Keep your job while training with N.R.I. You learn at home in your spare time. N.R.I. is oldest and largest home study Radio-TV School. Our methods have proved successful for more than 40 years, provide practical experience.

Soon after enrolling, many N.R.I. students start to earn $10, $15 a week extra in spare time fixing sets. Many open their own full time Radio-TV shops after getting N.R.I. Diploma. Find out more. Mail Coupon. Cost is low, terms easy; includes all equipment. Address: **National Radio Institute, Dept. 9CR4 Washington 16 D. C.**

Send for LESSON and CATALOG FREE

VETERANS Available under G.I. Bills

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Dept. 9CR4, Washington 16, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog, FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name_____ Age____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

ASK ADVENTURE

BREATH-HOLDING ENDURANCE RECORD

I seem to recall hearing about a young man who remained submerged for twenty minutes without any form of air supply. I am not sure that my memory is correct and wonder if this length of time is possible. Could you tell me the world's record for remaining under water without any form of diving apparatus?

William W. Vakela

Du Bois, Pa.

I suspect your memory has served you false on the twenty-minute endurance run, since the feat you appear to be referring to probably was the record set by a young California doctor, of just eleven minutes in a pool. After breathing pure oxygen this man submerged for a considerable period and remained absolutely quiet during the trial. This is, I believe, the longest substantiated time on record for breath holding in or out of the water. However, there are many claims about Indian fakirs, Japanese divers, and sundry other people who have held their breath for twenty or more minutes at a clip. I suspect that the Indian claims may have some truth, since the Yoga practice includes a great deal of breath control so that long breath-holding periods would be a very natural thing.

The California doctor's record was reported in the newspapers, and I remember reading about it in both *Scientific American* and *Science News*. I am sorry I cannot give you the issues, but I am sure your public library carries these magazines.

Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

PROSPECTING IN COSTA RICA

Some friends and I expect to visit Costa Rica soon. We'd like to get into the jungles between Managua and Curinto. What is the best way into that area and where do we go to outfit?

Primarily, we want to prospect for gold and would appreciate information on health requirements, firearms, regulations, etc.

Charles I. Debo

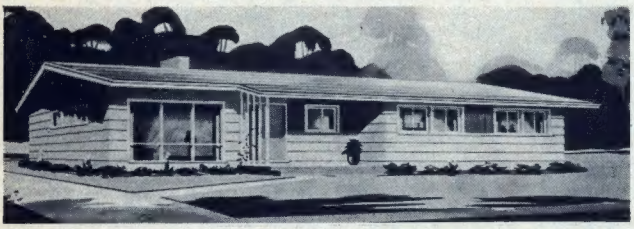
Placerville, Calif.

You can make the trip down to Managua on the Pan American Highway. You can get to Corinto from Managua by train or by jeep. There is a road to Chinandega, but the train is the surest way. However, if you want to prospect for gold I think it would be better to go by jeep.

The best time of the year to make the trip is from December through May, since this is the dry season. The area you plan to visit is rather warm, with temperatures around 85 degrees during the day. The nights are cool and pleasant.

As far as I know, health requirements consist of the regular smallpox vaccination and general health certificate necessary to have your passport visaed by a Nicaraguan Consul in some U.S. city. I don't know what the story is on the entry of firearms.

Unless you have exeprience in prospecting for gold I personally think it is a very rough and tough occupation and pastime. However, while you're down there you might find other ways of having a good time and making money. It has always been my feeling that Americans can make (*Continued on page* 10)



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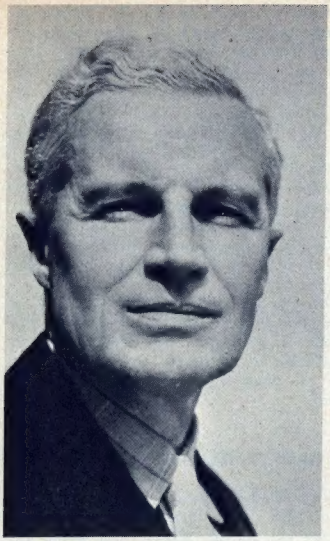

I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-7-C
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

To those who want to enjoy an

ACCOUNTING CAREER

IF you're that person, here's something that will interest you. Not a magic formula—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you've got to pay the price, study earnestly. Still, wouldn't it be worth while for a brief period—provided the rewards were good—a salary of $5,000 to $10,000 or more? An accountant's duties are interesting, varied, of real worth to his employer.

Why not, like so many before you, let LaSalle's Problem Method start *you* climbing?

Suppose you could work in a large accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant—solving easy problems at first, then more difficult ones. With his advice, soon you'd master them all. That's what LaSalle's Problem Method gives you.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

We train you from the ground up—Basic Accounting, Principles, Cost Accounting—right through Federal Income Tax and as high as Certified Public Accountant Training. You progress as rapidly as you care to—start cashing in while still learning.

Will recognition come? You know success *does* come to the person really trained. Yes—trained accountants are the executives of tomorrow.

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

For your own good, get all the facts. Write for sample lesson and free book, "Opportunities in Accounting." Mail the coupon NOW.

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Send me, without obligation, sample lesson and Free book, "Opportunities in Accounting," and full information about your Accounting training program.

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☐ Stenotype

Name.....*Age*.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

money in Central America if they bring down some good, basic ideas and are willing to work hard. The field is almost unlimited for the person who perseveres. I've seen a lot of people come down here on a shoestring and at the end of four or five years own a home, a fine car, and enjoy the best luxuries of life.

Frank J. Thomas

SOUTH SEA ISLAND PARADISES

I am very much interested in the South Sea Islands. Can you give me information on a good place to retire and how to get there the cheapest way?

Kenneth Sartain
Osage, Minnesota

I have answered a number of inquiries such as yours and I invariably begin by advising people against regarding the Pacific Islands as a paradise for permanent residence by a white man. There are very real transport difficulties, strangers are rarely welcomed as permanents and white people rarely fit into the native way of life. I can give you the location of several islands where life in retirement could be very pleasant but there are many "ifs and buts." I am a firm believer in a preliminary trip to find out first hand.

My two favorite groups are French Oceana and Samoa. For the former you require a passport visaed by your nearest French consul which will permit a stay of four months with two possible extensions of two months each. You should inquire of your nearest French consulate as to the conditions for permanent residence. Papeete in Tahiti is the main center of French Oceana and trading schooners go regularly to outlying small islands in the group, sparsely populated and ideal for supporting life. The catch is that strangers, tourists and settlers have great difficulty getting a permit to visit them. If your French consul cannot help, write to:

Syndicat d'Initiative
Papeete, Tahiti

This is a tourist bureau which should be able to answer detailed questions. To live in reasonable comfort in Tahiti (i.e. not going entirely native) you would need about $150 a month.

Eastern Samoa, capital Pago Pago, is administrated by the U.S. Department of the Interior and you could get all necessary information from Washington.

Transport is most difficult. I can only suggest that you explore the possibility of working your way to Fiji by Matson or charter freighter from Frisco owned by Pacific Island Transport Line. From Fiji you could link up with freighters or traders moving out to Oceana or Samoa.

Tales of the Pacific are very seldom written by a "permanent boarder." Usually they spring from an imaginative author who was in the area just long enough to pick up the glamour and miss the drawbacks. To live cheaply you have to get away from civilization where you are so cut off that appendicitis, a poisonous coral scratch or a broken limb would most probably put an end to you.

Sorry to be so discouraging, but always remember that the almost insuperable difficulties of getting to and living cheaply in the Pacific are themselves the best evidence that life there is too tough for the white man.

J. M. Dobson

G I BULLET-PROOF VESTS

I would like to know if there is a bullet-proof vest or garment which was used during the Korean War. If so, where do they make them?

Wynn Haynes
Walden, Texas

During the Korean conflict some American units did wear a new "combat vest" designed to offer further protection to the wearer against pieces of shell. Made of lightweight nylon, these were not actually "bullet-proof" but were deflective. The idea is as old as warfare itself and throughout history there have been instances by which soldiers tried to wear such protective gear. The zenith was reached during the Middle Ages in Europe when the knights wore protective suits of metal covering the whole body. These diminished until during the mid-nineteenth century soldiers wore little protective covering except what they procured privately—iron vests and the like. During the first World War the familiar steel helmet was adopted by all nations and in World War II "flak vests' were worn by some bomber crews.

The Korean vests were made for the armed forces under contract, and some may be on the surplus market today. You might check the stores dealing in this type of merchandise.

Milton F. Perry

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal life.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a complete command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate, *just fill out and send the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain a command of English quickly and easily at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-103, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

Did you ever ask yourself...

WHY CAN'T I GROW HAIR?

First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do *not* follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head—the back of the head, the side of the head — places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called *alopecia areata*, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of alopecia areata but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that *you do not* have alopecia areata.

NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to GROW HAIR ON A BALD HEAD. No, nothing known to modern science, no treatment, no electric gadget, no chemical, no brush, no formula can GROW HAIR. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind you are going to stay that way. Quit worrying about it—enjoy yourself.

But if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness or oiliness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff—these are Nature's Red Flags. They warn you that if these conditions go unchecked, baldness may be the end result.

Yes, there *is* something you can do to help save your hair.

The development of the amazing new formula series called Alophene may mean that thousands of men and women can now *increase the life expectancy* of their hair. Alophene has two basic formulas, with the dual purpose of correcting a scalp condition that often results in baldness, and giving greater health and longer life to the hair you still have.

HOW ALOPHENE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Alophene works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness and oiliness. A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital, and healthier. By its rubifacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. It supplies Vitamin A to the scalp, which some medical authorities believe may be an essential nutritive factor to the hair and scalp.

(2) As an effective antiseptic, Alophene kills, on contact, seborrhea-causing bacteria believed by many medical authorities to be a cause of baldness. By its keratolitic action, it dissolves dried sebum and ugly dandruff, it controls seborrhea, thereby tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft, and eliminating head scales and scalp itch. In short, Alophene offers a modern effective treatment for the preservation of your hair.

Today there is no longer any excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of impending baldness. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Alophene. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Alophene in saving your hair.

ALOPHENE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Alophene in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your irritating scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition, and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help *increase the life expectancy of your hair—at no risk.*

So don't delay. Nothing — not even Alophene—can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below, while you have this chance to enjoy thicker - stronger - healthier HAIR AGAIN.

●BLYTHE-PENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Note to Doctors: Doctors, clinics, hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for samples of the new Alophene Formula Series.

BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

BLYTHE-PENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete Alophene hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

☐ Enclosed find $10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

34826

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

LEGION OF LOST MEN

Now it can be told—the fate of the French troopship Valeur blowing to bits off the Indo-China coast. Here's the true story of valiant Foreign Legionnaires who never reached the field of battle!

by RAY P. SHOTWELL PHOTOS BY BIRNBACH PUBLISHING SERVICE

LEGION OF LOST MEN
CONTINUED

Checking weapons, legionnaires prepare for battlefield.

Terrifying detonations shake the ship—thick clouds of black smoke roll over *Valeur's* entire deck.

Somewhere within the 6000-ton hull of the French troop-carrier *Valeur* a deadly secret was nearing incubation.

It was, and still remains, the most tightly veiled top secret of the ill-starred Indo-Chinese war. Behind that veil were to be whisked within minutes not only the lives of 200 valiant fighting men but all public knowledge of what happened—and by whose hand.

On this fateful day the *Valeur* steamed slowly down Indo-China's coast. Of the 600 men aboard, most were Foreign Legionnaires—replacements scheduled to relieve weary jungle fighters in that pointless war in which France was slowly being bled white in Asia. By nightfall, these fresh troops would be debarking at an unannounced landing spot somewhere above Saigon.

I was among those aboard. How I happened to be there and why are matters that, even now, cannot be revealed. But I was there—on a special mission that mostly had to do with my camera and a supply of film. (*Continued on page* 58)

With its cargo of crushed and mutilated dead, the once proud *Valeur* is a picture of horrible destruction.

One of the valiant 200 who died for the tricolor of France. A closed courtmartial couldn't fix blame on Communist sabotage.

THE TORMENTED ONES

The march of sex slaves down the ages is a shocking parade of perverts, power-mad monsters and raving maniacs. Their stories are here, terrible to behold—but true!

The most fiendish torture-death ever devised by a maniac was an ancient Roman "game" known as "The Sack of Gaul" and invented—as might be expected—by Nero himself.

In this little diversion, a dozen married couples from subject lands—not necessarily Gaul—were placed in the arena. Then twenty-four members of Nero's élite Praetorian Guard entered the arena. Before the delighted eyes of Nero, his mistresses and his male admirers, twelve of the guardsmen assaulted the hapless wives. When this was over, the other twelve leisurely killed the unarmed husbands.

After the performance the wives were turned over to the men of Nero's court; that is, those wives who had not (*Continued on page* 66)

by JEROME K. THAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL ROSSI

Caesar's chief hobby was collecting the most beautiful female slaves from all of Rome's captive lands.

HELL TAMER

Blazing furiously, thousands of dollars going up in smoke every hour, the Iranian oil-well at Ahwaz was a desperate, baffling challenge to the world-famed skill of "Blow out the gas" Kinley

by DAVID CREWE

PHOTOS BY BIRNBACK PUBLISHING SERVICE

Terrific gas blaze awes fire-killer Myron Kinley. "Toughest one I've seen," he said.

A fire for a week, the big well flung skyward a 300-foot tower of flame—visible a hundred miles away on the road to Teheran.

The drilling rig and other machinery that had punched a 7,755-foot hole down to a fabulous oil pool beneath the barrens of Iran were now a jumble of heat-twisted wreckage beside the mouth of the inferno. Thousands of dollars an hour were going up in flames.

The big new well at Ahwaz was a monumental bust. It was, that is, unless someone could snuff out the monster candle that was devouring it. And winging toward that roaring flame over more than 7,000 miles of airlanes

"It'll have to burn for six weeks," Kinley tells amazed oil men.

Sparks from rocks blown out of earth at a pressure of 8000 lbs. to the square inch ignited the gas at mouth of Iranian Ahwaz well.

Pipelines had to be laid across 25 miles of sun-blasted desert to the Korun River before big derrick is moved into position.

was just the man to do it—if anybody could.

His name is Myron Kinley—a "salamander," a member of that strange fraternity of ultra-specialists in adventure who rush calmly in where most others would fear desperately to tread. His home is Houston, Texas, and for nearly forty years his job has been to "get up and blow out the gas" when an oil well catches fire. It's a job that has taken Kinley to all quarters of the globe, and it has netted him a fortune against which he could lean back for keeps in comfort, to say nothing of bodily safety. But he hasn't.

The Ahwaz was in about as pesky a location as trouble could erupt in. It was drilled in a structure 350 miles southwest of Teheran, Iran's capital. Geologists had been flirting for three decades with a super-deep oil pool they were sure was there but had been unable to reach. (*Continued on page* 56)

Preceding "attack" tremendous water curtain is intensified.

Quarter-ton of dynamite is fixed to 80-ft. boom.

DEATH at the BLACK LION INN

There just might be a haven for fugitive Edmond Keith in bleak Black Lion Inn. But he must hurry, for already the Crown's men were hot on his heels—and a pirate killer even closer!

The cold rain drove out of the blackness and beat relentlessly upon the bent, weary figure plodding up the twisting lane. Water swirled in dirty, grayish rivulets through the deep gutters, streamed down the slope, and squished in the water-logged shoes of the drenched traveler. He looked back now and then, as if half expecting to see something in the opaque darkness behind. A mile behind him was the waterfront, where the ships moved restlessly at their moorings, dripping black skeletons in this dismal January night; and ahead of him, alone on the bare promontory near the river, was the Black Lion Inn; the one remaining inn in Charles (*Continued on page* 24)

by JOSEPH R. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK COZZARELLI

As Sarcone's gun hand jerked into action, Keith flung the knife in a gleaming arc.

Town where he had not inquired for the lady. She must be there. He had seen her nowhere else since the *Larkspur* had docked.

He stopped for a moment, breathing hard, listening to the liquid drumming upon the ground. There was no other sound. But somewhere back in the dripping darkness were the hard-eyed men of the military police. He was suddenly conscious of the little pouch that lay close against the sweat-sodden hair of his bare chest. The feel of it was reassuring. But his legs had a leaden heaviness in them. He wiped the water from his eyes and stumbled on. The sight of yellow light in a two-story building on the right side of the hill spurred him on.

There was only one dwelling near this inn; a shadowy and silent frame house across the road from the inn. He noted that its windows were boarded, and thick weeds grew in profusion all over the yard. He stopped at the heavy oak door of the inn. Above him, he heard the creaking of a wooden sign, swinging in the fitful gusts of wind. He pushed at the door; it gave inward, and he stepped in.

He threw off his dripping cloak, removed his hat and looked about the room. The light fell upon a young face that was lean, bold and audacious. His curly hair was reddish-brown, and there was a thin, sandy moustache beneath the sensitive nose. Fatigue was in his face now, and something of a hunted look, in the red-rimmed blue eyes that flickered over the inn's interior.

It was much like others of Charles Town in 1740; bar-parlor, with scrubbed tables and stools; and ahead of him to his right, the great fireplace with pewter tankards and copper vessels hanging from its upper beams. A large room to his left served as the main dining room. In the chimney-corner, seated against the tall back of a wooden settle, was the only other person in the room, a small, humped man, gazing at him with curious interest.

The stranger walked slowly toward the fireplace and stopped. He studied the little man's face. It was seamed and wrinkled, with a thin, acquiline nose, and murky gray eyes. Large, fanlike ears protruded from a close-cropped, blond head. He sat with his hands folded loosely in his lap . . . thin, dried-looking hands they were, like the curving claws of a vulture. His was not a reassuring face, and there was a cold, unwelcome glint in the little eyes that traveled appraisingly over the newcomer's weary figure.

The stranger shivered a little, and said:

"I am Edmund Keith, and I want lodging for a couple of nights."

"Yes?" The little man's single word rasped, like the rustle of dried leaves.

Keith thrust a hand into his pocket, drew forth two heavy coins and tossed them into the little man's lap.

The gnome-like head nodded. "Aye . . . 'tis enough." One of the dried claws reached down by the side of the kettle, took up a metal cup. He tilted his head back, drank deeply, set the cup down.

Keith moved over and took a chair opposite his strange host. "I can use a measure of ale." He glanced at the wizened face. "Are you the innkeeper?"

"I am. My name is Israel Gooch." He twisted his scrawny neck. "Sarcibe! Sarcone!"

Keith watched as a big man appeared from the rear of the room. The long-armed, ape-like figure shuffled forward. Keith saw a fleshy, florid face, shaggy black hair and deep-set, venomous eyes.

"Ale for a guest," hissed Gooch. He settled back and regarded Keith curiously. "Where d'ye come from, Mr. Keith?"

"From the *Larkspur.* She arrived today."

"Aye . . . the *Larkspur.*" Interest kindled in Gooch's eyes. "She had some sort of trouble, didn't she?"

Keith nodded and reached for the cup Sarcone brought to him. "A few miles out of this harbor, the *Larkspur* was attacked by pirates. They were about to board the ship, but a British frigate appeared. The pirates cast off, put on all sail to escape."

"Did they now?" Gooch's heavy-lidded eyes had come alive. "Right off the coast . . . think of it! An interesting voyage, Mr. Keith. Ah . . . who was this pirate who attacked the *Larkspur*?"

Keith gulped greedily, wiped his mouth. "I don't know the ship's name, nor her captain."

Gooch's head shook from side to side. "They're slippery rascals, some of these buccaneers."

Keith's eyes roved about the room. He was beginning to feel better. The warmth of the ale was taking effect, and he felt the first twinges of hunger. Then the cup shook in his hand as he saw two figures descending the stairway to his left.

He watched the two women who came down slowly and hesitated a moment at the foot of the stairs. One was a middle-aged woman, short and pudgy, with bright, birdlike eyes in a sallow face. The other . . . his heart gave a bound . . . It was she! Cool and slender, in a closely-fitting pale blue dress with delicate lace at her wrists and the low-cut neck. Her proud golden head bent, and he saw her murmur something to her companion. Then they moved on into the dining room.

Keith asked. "That's Miss Esther Howard, isn't it?"

"Aye . . . from the *Larkspur,* also. With a relative of hers . . . an aunt, I believe. D'ye know them?"

"They were fellow passengers," Keith answered easily. He was conscious again of the little pouch inside his shirt.

He changed the subject and talked of other things, keeping an eye upon Sarcone as he shuffled back and forth, setting the dinner before the two ladies. And all the while he was aware of Gooch's eyes fixed intently upon him.

He waited until Sarcone had finished serving. Then, as he was about to rise, the big man stalked over to him and jerked a thumb back at the dining room.

"The lady . . . she'd have a word with ye, sir."

Keith, looking into the dining room, saw that the girl was staring at him. He rose, threw a regretful look down at his crumpled suit. Then he went quickly to the ladies' table.

Standing near the young lady, he bowed and introduced himself. "Edmund Keith, Miss, happy to be of any service."

"Esther Howard, Mr. Keith. This is my widowed aunt, Mrs. Glover."

He looked at the girl with delighted eyes. She was more beautiful than he remembered . . . the roguish brown eyes, the shining blonde hair, glinting with flecks of fire in the light of the candles . . . and the skin that was pale gold. He seated himself at her invitation, and waited for her to speak.

"I believe you've just come from the city, Mr. Keith, and that possibly you could tell us if the *Camellia* is in."

He listened to her voice. It had the magic of moonbeams and rippling water in it. He shook his head.

"I'm sorry . . . I believe that ship has been delayed by bad weather. I was aboard the *Larkspur,* Miss Howard."

"Oh? I don't recall seeing you," she said brightly.

"No." He manged a sheepish grin. "I'm afraid I'm a poor sailor, Miss Howard. I kept to my cabin most of the time. However, I did see you on occasions."

The girl toyed absently with her wine glass. "I hope the *Camellia* is not delayed for very long. It left right after we did. You see, my father is aboard that ship. He had some business matters to clear up before leaving England, and we came on ahead of him."

"I see. Well, the *Camellia's* not due in for several days yet." He could see no excuse for remaining longer at the table. "Miss Howard, at your convenience," he said, "there's a matter I'd like to take up with you. Indeed, my sole reason for coming to this inn was to see you."

Her eyes were round and interested. "You intrigue me, Mr. Keith. It savors of adventure. (*Continued on page* 68)

FRENCH TREAT

■ Nifty Nadine's answer to the specification boys and the statisticians is that she has never bothered to take measure, and that "In France they go by looks, not inches." This magnificent, Venus like blonde goddess did let out, though, that she stands five feet, eleven inches without heels. And that's plenty of pulchritude—for any country. Nadine Ducas is a native Parisienne, and, though she loves her Gay Paree, coming to America has long been her fondest dream. Yankee showman Lou Walters spotted this

PHOTOS BY STAN WYMAN FROM RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

FRENCH TREAT

CONTINUED

king-size cutie on the Riviera while she was working on a movie set for a French outfit. Lou was overwhelmed by what he saw and, in true Yankee fashion, wasted no time in getting the gorgeous gal's signature on a contract for his Miami show. The show went over big—and Nadine went over big. When La Ducas can add English to her French, Spanish and Italian,

FRENCH TREAT

she wants to take a whirl at Hollywood. Are there any English teachers who'd like the job? Her movie work in France includes feature parts in three films starring Eddie Constatine, the American craze in Paris night clubs. She also appeared in "Trapeze" and has acted in a variety of roles in the French legit theater. Her interest in arts runs to Fauvism. To this delectable doll, who is a work of art herself, Matisse tops 'em all. She loves his bold, vivid colors and his subjects which sparkle with the joy of life. Of Matisse, Nadine says, "He zends me!"

THE CASE OF THE DEADLY DOLL

Blonde and beautiful Anna Marie knocked off more of Cincinnati's senior citizens than a flu epidemic. She found 'em, fooled 'em, married 'em—and then stuffed the old duffers with enough arsenic to kill a horse. Here's the astonishing story of a truly deadly doll

The year the stock market went *kaput* and the depression officially began, the citizens of Cincinnati's predominantly German Over the Rhine began noticing an extremely attractive newcomer—Mrs. Anna Marie Hahn.

Anna, a twenty-nine-year-old, full blonde charmer, was a regular doll, sweet, kind and compassionate. Always willing to give up her leisure hours to nurse the sick and infirm, she won the approval of the best burghers in the district. One remarked, "That little woman's an angel—why, she helps people just out of the goodness of her big heart."

The comely, Munich-born matron was a vision of Teutonic loveliness to the prosperous old Germans. But what they didn't know about Anna was that, among other things, she was an incurable romantic. She adored honeymoons. She also liked variety. The goings-on that revolved around wavy-haired Anna and the woo that (*Continued on page* 62)

by CHARLES HENRY, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY SAMPSON POLLEN

Old Jake was having the time of his life with Anna and became as frisky as a yearling goat—until she cooked for him.

Climax of Bali fiesta is dance of the swords. Young men plunge sharp kris into their bodies without bloodshed.

The strange island of Bali is the home of strange things, like the ant-eater, the flying lizard

On the day of our arrival in Bali there was a fiesta in progress, and we delayed the start of our hunt in the jungles for a visit to the various events taking place through out the island.

We visited first the famous and very mysterious dancers of the country who are young men trained from the time they learn to walk in the art of the dance. This particular group are the dancers who fight the evil spirits, and valiantly slay the bad one with their kris.

They are strong and healthy-looking young men, and they dance with the vigor of warriors. Their dances are actually sword maneuvers, and the climax of their dance is reached when the dancers thrust the long blades with dramatic force *into their own bodies!* But most amazing of all is the fact that although the blades penetrated the dancers' bodies inches deep there is no flow of blood!

We tried to learn the reason for this, but it was a secret of the dancer sect which they refused to reveal. The phenom-

Holy men of dancer sect preserve astounding mystic rites.

THE DEVIL DANCERS OF BALI

by DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

PHOTOS BY ODHAMS PRESS, LTD.

and human beings who stab themselves—and do not bleed!

ena was one of the miracles performed by holy men, they said.

We went from the dancers to visit the cockfights. Hundreds of fighting cocks had been brought from all parts of the island to participate in the big fiesta fight. Each owner of a fighting bird had with him a case of wicked looking sharp little knives which would be strapped to the legs of the fighting cocks before they entered the ring. We were told that cockfighting is the favorite sport of Bali, with the betting on the fighting birds running into big money.

We watched only a few of the matches, which are usually short, bloody and brutal. Because of the knives fastened to their legs, the fight between two birds usually ended in the death, quick and dramatic, of one of them. The bird to get in a lucky slash was the winner.

Our next stop was at a demonstration of the training of a Lalong dancer—the temple dancers who are trained from the time they can walk in the symbolic dances of Bali. The

Twelve-year-old girl dancers of the temple endure rigorous training before performing ancient Bali devil rituals.

little girls we watched were about twelve years old, and the teacher rehearsing them was an old woman who had been a temple dancer herself. We were shocked by the roughness of the teacher as she jerked the heads and limbs of the children into proper position during their rehearsing.

The little girls acted as though they were in some sort of a trance, holding one of the grotesque positions into which they were thrust for long periods, with expressionless faces. We had the impression that perhaps they had been drugged —an impression that was dismissed when we saw their actions upon being released from rehearsal; they immediately became noisy, normal children of twelve the moment the teacher gave the signal that ended the rehearsal period.

Later, we were allowed to see the same children give a performance in the temple. This time they were dressed in rich, gold-painted cloths, wore leather necklaces and fantastic headdresses. There was music, now, made by beating on rare and expensive gongs. The girls danced with the skill of veterans—and veteran dancers they were, even at twelve, for they had been schooled practically from birth to the ritual of the strange gyrations.

We toured the city that day, sampling the amusements and the native foods. At the local zoo we saw some of the animals which we would later run into in the jungles. They

Harsh treatment of children during dance lessons disciplines them for prolonged trance-like performance.

Cockfighting is popular during fiesta. Owners attach steel, razor-sharp blades to birds' legs, bet heavily.

Priests place sacrifices in streets for sacred dogs.

Victorious cock's bravery is praised throughout island.

were fairly tame, for this zoo was for the amusement of the children and held only those animals which could be held in captivity without heavy iron bars or cages.

There was the scaly ant-eater, the pangolin, who pretends to be dead when you lift him and hold him up by his tail—a bit of shamming which he hopes will make escape from captivity easier. We would not take an ant-eater back to England with us as a trophy to be shown alive on television simply because the only food the pangolin will eat is live ants, and once our supply of live ants ran out he would die. There being a scarcity of ants in England—thank heavens—we knew an ant-eater would not have a very long life there. So we merely photographed the strange little beast and left him to feast on the plentiful supply of Bali ants.

The other small beast we found in the city was the flying lizard—a tiny replica of the giant komodo, or dragon lizard, which we had made the long trip to Bali to capture and take alive to England for our television program, "Zoo Quest." The flying lizard glides along the branches of the trees, seemingly unafraid of people.

We left exotic Bali the following day very much convinced that the primitive way of life still survives there in the strange fauna and in the beautiful dances of the handsome men and the dream-like antics of the girls. ■ ■

She looked like a cheap floozie but there was something intangibly different about her. She was a social outcast . . . more frightened than defiant. Here's the frank, brutal and bitter story of Gloria and her flight into oblivion

Editor's Note: Every year hundreds of girls and young women disappear, to become the objects of police search. Sometimes they are pregnant but unwed; sometimes they have already borne illegitimate babies; sometimes they are just looking for excitement.

Ultimately most of these vanished females are found — abandoned by transient lovers, living with men, working in brothels, and occasionally very dead. Their stories seldom make the headlines, for, generally, they are undramatic — merely pitiful, messy tragedies. But the anguish and heartbreak is tremendous.

For three reasons we present the following story of a young, unwed mother who abandoned her infant baby — and disappeared. First, because it is an object lesson and a warning to us all; it might have happened to a sister, daughter, girl friend, or the neighbor girl down the street. Second, because it is true; the essential facts are taken from the records of police department and other municipal agencies in several Midwestern cities, all located in the same state. Only the names and physical descriptions have been changed, for the protection of the girl herself and her baby daughter. Conversations have been kept as accurate as possible. Official records, when they are used, are quoted verbatim.

This is a sordid story. The girl has little conscience. She became involved with procurers and prostitutes. Presumably she prostituted herself, though she denied it. She admitted having

Where Do The Bad

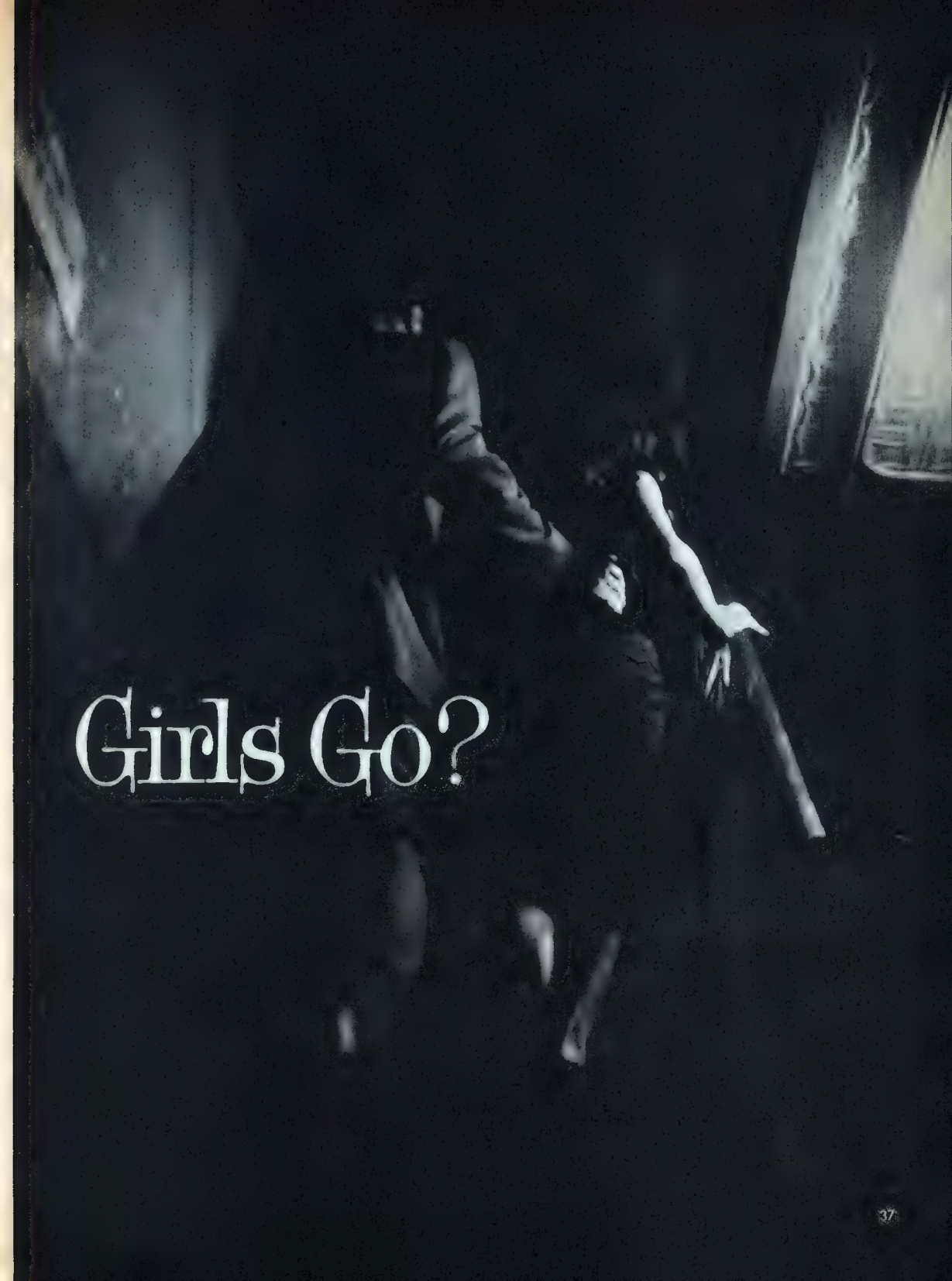
relations with numerous men. In the story appears a hint of dope activity, of possible homicide. One man went to the penitentiary.

Our third reason for presenting her story is this: it gives an authentic, behind-the-scenes picture of the police and other public servants as the warm hearted and understanding human beings they really are. If this article gives but one girl or young man or couple currently in "sex trouble" the courage to go to the proper authorities and request their assistance, it will have more than served its purpose.

Finally, it will be noted that even the cities concerned are given obviously misleading names — Centre City, Capital City, Median City, Friendly City, and Little City. No such list of cities can be found on the map of any Midwestern state. But these cities and all the people mentioned in this story are as real as your home town and you. *(Continued on page 72)*

by LEIF ANDERSON

PHOTO BY DON LOOMIS OF AL WEISS ASSOCIATES


Girls Go?

Chad spoke briefly in Cheyenne on the subject of friendship. Hiomavi grunted.

DEATH RIDES THE TRAIL

It was a race of two herds to the railhead—winner take all. Trail-driver Mason had a chance . . . until he suddenly found the prairie blocked by warriors goaded to a blood lust — and there was no road back

by L. L. FOREMAN ILLUSTRATION BY NORM SAUNDERS

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Whipped by a blustering wind, sand drifted into the ruts of Pointing Log's single street, making traps for the unwary. Chad Mason yanked his hat on tighter and decided to try the Silver Steer again. Flat broke, desperate for a job, he tried not to remember it was scarcely an hour since he had been practically ordered out of the Silver Steer by Ward Bixby's trail boss.

He eased into the Silver Steer. The saloon's warmth felt good. Avoiding the crowd at the bar, and escaping the notice of the bartenders whose sympathies were with the spending customers, he located Ward Bixby and worked his way toward him.

Ward Bixby, big cattle buyer and dealer, with a steer herd ready to drive up the trail, was involved in a stud-poker session. Like the men of his trail crew, he was making the best of his last night in Pointing Log, the rendezvous of cattlemen and cattle speculators, and the jumping-off place for men northbound over the long trail. A giant-sized man, shrewd, Bixby always trekked along with his crew — to see to it, some said, that his herd gained in strays before reaching the railhead. He had bulled his way to wealth.

His stacks of poker chips, Chad noted, were shorter than they'd been an hour ago. Bixby might not be in a good temper. But that was a chance Chad had to take. Chad reached the table and touched Bixby's shoulder.

Ward Bixby swung around in his chair. "No wonder my luck's gone sour! Get the (*Continued on page* 52)

TIGER OF THE

Two of us were kneeling, alert for the last few shots, in a chest-high blind next to one of the giant crow roosts in Nebraska. The afternoon flight was all but over; dusk was settling fast. The results of our gunning—more than 270 crows—were scattered thickly around us.

"Red" Watt stood up, stretched his legs and fumbled in his shirt for a cigarette. The next instant he lay sprawling over me as a gray shadow rose from the blind. I had just time to glimpse a mere whisper of feathers to identify it as a bird as it rose over my head.

It flew straight into the last strip of lighted sky in the west. From its claws dangled a strange shape. Quickly I raised my rifle and brought the thing down. It fell into underbrush.

"Where's my cap?" demanded Red, prying, fumbling into every corner of the blind. He straightened up and a drop of blood crept out from his hairline and ran down his face. Then another drop.

I ran to retrieve the great horned owl and found it still alive. It glared at me with huge yellow eyes and made a

NIGHT

by H. R. CRISSON. PHOTO BY AUDUBON SOCIETY

The great gray owl may remind you of a pompous old judge. But don't fool yourself! The horned one will attack anything that walks, crawls or flies!

hissing sound. Its black beak chattered like a rivet gun. I stooped to pick up a club. As if it sensed what I had in mind, the bird jumped at me, warlike to the end. When I carried it back to the blind, Red's cap was still clenched in one set of talons.

Even this instance is not a full measure of the great gray owl's pugnacity. Every winter, especially when a storm has driven the bird's natural prey to cover, newspapers carry reports of attacks on humans by the great horned owls. These birds are fearless.

A Canadian trapper was penned in his cabin by one owl that plunged at him from a dead spruce each time he stepped outside. Every trick he could think of to drive off the murderous bird failed. He finally killed it with a canoe paddle. This incident occurred during the winter trapping season when the owl was not defending its nest. More than likely, a dearth of snowshoe rabbits had forced it to tackle whatever else it could find. In its hunger the owl chose the trapper.

A Michigan farm woman, (Continued on page 50)

THE DAWN IS FOR DYING

Plagued by money and wife troubles, Bob Slade had the choice of accepting a big bribe for sending a phony wire from his telegraph office—or of eating lead!

"Good Lord, man, you can't use words like that in a telegram!" Bob Slade, Eastern office manager of Coastal Telegraph, distastefully regarded the rambling scrawl shoved under his nose.

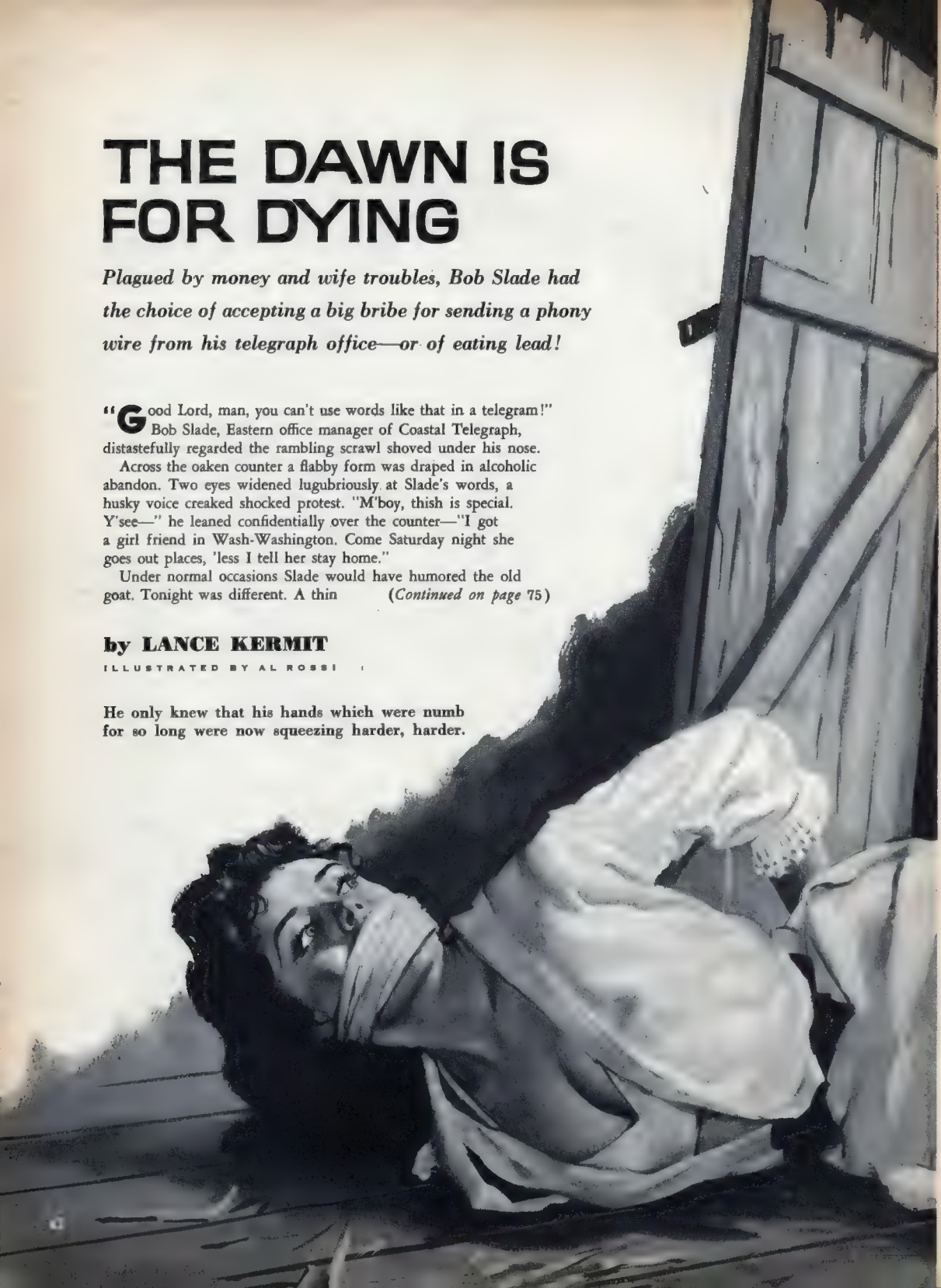
Across the oaken counter a flabby form was draped in alcoholic abandon. Two eyes widened lugubriously at Slade's words, a husky voice creaked shocked protest. "M'boy, thish is special. Y'see—" he leaned confidentially over the counter—"I got a girl friend in Wash-Washington. Come Saturday night she goes out places, 'less I tell her stay home."

Under normal occasions Slade would have humored the old goat. Tonight was different. A thin (*Continued on page* 75)

by LANCE KERMIT

ILLUSTRATED BY AL ROSSI

He only knew that his hands which were numb for so long were now squeezing harder, harder.



LAND OF THE LOVE-

PHOTO BY BIRNBACK PUBLISHING SERVICE

African belles and girls smuggled into Africa face strange and sinister fates—like the hidden love auctions where beauties from the world over are sold to the highest bidder!

by RAYMOND S. TRAFFARN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN STYGA

FEMALE slave markets not only exist in Africa—they are on the increase. Arabs, Riffs, Berbers, Tuaregs—if they have the price—can buy beautiful girls brought to the auction block from all over the world.

South America once held the monopoly on the female slave market. Young girls from every clime used to be tossed into holds of ships and carted off to Rio . . . to disappear into oblivion. The majority of girls who disappear today go into Africa.

Caravans cross the Sahara today, smuggling girls from the Middle East and Iron Curtain countries. European beauties who fall into political disfavor in satellite nations are shipped to Africa where they bring a fantastic price from major and minor potentates.

Blondes are most in demand in these flesh markets. Some of these golden-haired girls rate being flown in from Europe; their market price covering the cost of chartering the plane plus a handsome profit. Redheaded girls come next on the top price scale. Some rich European men from the southern countries who have gone native in Africa have been known to outbid the Arabs for these titian beauties.

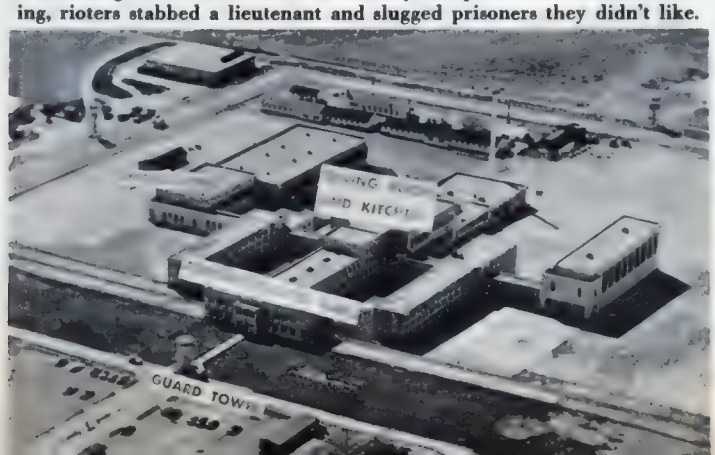
American gangsters are (*Continued on page* 60)

She slithered across the floor toward a group of other love slaves—the Arab, scimitar upraised, followed her.

CAPTIVE GIRLS

The cons didn't show themselves but we heard them swinging baseball bats, smashing everything that would break.

Controlling all of Utah State Penitentiary except Administration Building, rioters stabbed a lieutenant and slugged prisoners they didn't like.



Inmates, wearing dark glasses, Billy Randall (L) and Joe Valdez tell newsmen their grievances and suggestions for improvement.

"WE'LL KILL YOU-DEAD"

Rioting convicts armed with submachine guns, pistols, knives and crowbars stormed my guard room for three terror-ridden hours. If I opened the door, I would face freedom-mad killers—if they broke down the door, I was dead!

by MONTE HAMMOND

PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD

They keened through the blood-stained corridors like lost souls. Beyond the quivering steel door their grunts were the sounds of enraged animals as they tried to ram it down. From the floor grating in the corner I heard their harsh breathing as they smashed and swore, straining to get at me also from underneath.

Five hundred rioting convicts were erupting around my tiny security block. Except for my isolated island of defiance, complete control of Utah State Prison was in their hands.

For more than two hours they had been raging through the prison, even more inflamed now after drinking the rubbing alcohol they had looted from the splintered prison hospital. One guard had been stabbed critically. A prisoner in disfavor had been beaten savagely and thrown from the gates with blood streaming from his torn scalp. Twenty-five hostages cowered in the auditorium.

Looking through the tiny bulls-eye window, I could see them prowling the corridor. One convict, grinning inanely, wielded a baseball bat methodically smashing every window in sight. Others hopefully twirled deadly, homemade blackjacks fashioned of bolts and pieces of iron tied to the end of ropes. Knives glittered in wicked profusion, and here and there a convict shouldered a crowbar or a heavy piece of lead pipe.

Heavy blows meanwhile still thudded against the steel door, which separated the solitary confinement block from the rest of the prison. More blows shook the grating in the corner.

I knew why they were so persistently trying to break in.

Behind me in the segregation cells—or "on the grade" as it is known in prison jargon—were twenty-one cons. The rioters wanted to free one (*Continued on page* 48)

of their ringleaders, a hard-faced Mexican named Joe Valdez in for armed robbery.

And the only weapon I had was one tube of tear gas!

The nightmare had started at 6:30 PM on February 6th. My first indication of trouble came when the telephone shrilled loudly in the block where I had been a guard for a year and a half. A guard on the other end shouted excitedly:

"Don't open your door for anybody!"

Moments later I saw why. Convicts streamed into the corridor, running back and forth, yelling like Comanches.

From the other side of the door, a shrill voice shouted something in Mexican to the prisoners locked in behind me. A flat-faced Indian on the grade laughed exultantly at me and jeered: "Open that door—or they're a'gonna kill ya!"

"Nothing doing," I told him.

The Indian's eyes slitted. He jabbered to the men on the other side of the steel door. One convict said:

"Okay, we'll get some heavy stuff and knock this damned door off its hinges."

A menacing quiet settled on the little cell block as, from the bulls-eye window, I watched them racing away.

It was more than a half hour before they got back. From telephone reports, I heard they were busy "mopping up."

There had been no real warning of the riot. A brawl the day before between some Negroes and Indians had sparked it. Valdez, one of the ringleaders, had been tossed into solitary.

"Be careful," Coleman had warned us, "that nobody gets a chance to back you into a corner."

But these are more or less routine difficulties when you're a prison guard accustomed to walking with eyes in the back of your head. I began to get the whole picture as I listened attentively at the telephone.

The lid blew off while a convict team was playing the M-Men organization of the Latter-Day Saints Church (Mormon) Second Ward of Granger, Utah, in the prison gymnasium. The cons planned to take over on this night so that they could get the basketball team as hostages.

Five minutes before the end of the game, a convict walked onto the center of the court and announced:

"We convicts now control the prison. Take it easy and nobody will get hurt!"

The hostages were rounded up and quickly herded into the prison auditorium.

Meanwhile another group had cornered Lieutenant Coleman. When he resisted, one of the cons stabbed him in the stomach. Coleman went down and was dragged roughly to the auditorium.

The lieutenant was sitting there, holding his hands over the streaming wound in his stomach. A con, who was a hospital technician until a lot of drugs were stolen, approached and stood looking down at him. Several other guards, taken as hostages knew the con hated Coleman, and held their breath. They were stunned when, instead of belting Coleman, he looked around at the other trigger-tempered convicts and said:

"If nobody objects, I'm going to take him outside."

They watched wide-eyed as the con helped Coleman down to the front gate so he could be taken to a hospital.

And now my own plight came back to me as a growing volume of noise rolled down the corridor. Through the bulls-eye window, I saw convicts racing toward my tiny fortress. I jumped involuntarily when a thunderous pounding shook the door. A deep voice promised coldly:

"Hammond, if you don't open this door, we're gonna kill you—dead!"

"Yeah," growled another, "we're gonna pack you out of there feet first!"

"Sorry," I shouted through the door.

They had brought the heavy equipment this time—and the door began to shiver under their blows. Eventually they would break it down, I figured, but it was some consolation that even if they did, they still wouldn't be able to get those twenty-one cons off the grade behind me.

In addition to the locked lever which controls the barred door to each cell, there's a cage which runs along in front of them. It has two locks. One is an ordinary door lock but the other is a huge bull lock. The keys to this one aren't even kept in the prison but held in the control room outside the gate.

This was a decreasing source of satisfaction as the crashing blows pounded against the door—particularly when I heard a new noise at the floor grate.

The solitary tier where I was held prisoner was on the second floor, above the library. There's a large five-by-eight-foot tunnel which carries plumbing and other pipes under all the buildings. The tunnel has laterals going up under each block. Now I understand what the new noise was. The cons had broken out a panel in the library and had worked their way up.

Peering down through the grating I saw that five of them carried equipment from the gymnasium, dumb bells with the end weights pried off, and other leverage instruments. They were trying to pry away the floor grating.

When they saw me peering down at them, they all began to yell, "Let us in and we won't hurt you. If you don't, we'll kill you!"

Planting myself on top of the grating, I kicked with desperate urgency at the prying bars. The cons underneath swore and threatened. Then, over their yells and the battering at the steel door, came the insistent shrilling of the telephone.

Taking it off the hook, I heard a convict's rasping voice, calling me from another phone inside the captive prison.

"Listen, Hammond," he growled, "we've already hung two guys who got in our way. If we have to break in there you're gonna wind up dead as hell."

"Look," I told him, "even if I opened up you can't get those guys off the grade. You'd have to get the bull-lock key."

The phone clicked dead in my ear and the sound was so loud that I realized, in amazement, that the pounding at the door and the grating had stopped. Peering suspiciously into the grating, I saw that the convicts in the tunnel below had disappeared.

What were they up to now? The silence seemed even more oppressive and threatening. I jumped involuntarily as the phone jangled again. This time it was Deputy Warden John Turner.

"How long do you think you can hold out?" he asked. "We're meeting right now to try to decide whether you should open up for them."

I had to swallow a couple of times to keep my voice steady. "Well—the way it looks now, they'll probably be through that grating in a half hour."

"What do *you* think?" he demanded.

"It's up to you," I told him.

"I'll call you back."

It was 8:30 PM. I had been trapped only two hours—like a man in a leaking lifeboat surrounded by sharks—but it seemed like two days. Still, I understood now why the convicts had gone away. Apparently they had called the outside and demanded the bull-lock key.

I heard sounds from the corridor again.

Looking through the bulls-eye, I saw a crowd of convicts jostling toward my battered steel door. Then a voice said:

"Hey, Hammond, we got the bull-lock key. Are you gonna open up, or do we have to break in? We told 'em we'd take you outside if you opened up. If we have to break in, we're gonna kill you—dead!"

The phone buzzed again at that moment. I called back to them to wait.

It was Turner. "We gave them the key to the bull lock. They promised to bring you out safely. So let them in," he said.

I hung up woodenly and walked over to the door, staring for a few moments at the lock. There was no way of telling what was going to happen to me when I turned the key and stood face to face with those cons.

I hope, I thought as I reached out and twisted the key, that I know the guy who is standing on the other side.

But I didn't. He hadn't been one of my "customers," although I knew him vaguely as "Boston," a hard character.

"Gimme those," he said, snatching my keys. He pushed me aside and strode into the cell block to release those held in solitary, while the knot of men behind him stood watching me in silence. Then a big convict named Ted Keener, one of the riot ringleaders, grabbed my arm.

"Come on. I'll take you out."

None of the others said anything. As we walked down the corridor we came to a little con waving a baseball bat. His voice was hopeful.

"Hey, Keener, let's finish him off here!"

That looked like the biggest baseball bat I had ever seen. Keener gave me a long, sidewise look. I could feel the hackles rising on my neck.

"No," Keener said after what seemed like a year. "I promised he wouldn't be hurt, so I'm taking him out."

The walk to the front gate was the longest hike I've ever taken. Grim-eyed cons, all of them bearing a weapon of some sort, were standing on both sides as I walked the gantlet. At any moment I expected one of them to jump me and carry out that earlier promise to "kill me—dead!"

The tension broke a bit as we reached the gate and one inmate I knew pretty well yelled:

"Hi, Hammond. How you doin'?"

My next thought was of my worried wife. I went to a telephone to call her, but every time I picked up the phone somebody was calling in. One call even was from Hollywood, but I never did find out what they wanted. Finally, I decided to walk the short distance to my home and reassure her.

It sure felt good walking up to that front door again. When I went in my wife just looked up in surprise.

"Why are you home so early?"

She hadn't heard about the riot.

Hurrying back to the prison, I arrived just as Governor George D. Clyde, who had arrived from Salt Lake City, went inside to talk to the convicts. The group included Deputy Warden Turner, Attorney General E. R. Callister, Jr., and members of the Utah Board of Corrections.

The convicts were grim and unyielding and the tension was so thick you could have cut it with a knife.

Governor Clyde told them, "We will not negotiate with you until all of the hostages are released."

"Then there ain't gonna be no negotiatin'," one of them yelled.

As the governor's party withdrew, the entire prison was plunged into darkness. Angry at their rebuff, the convicts had smashed the switchboard panel.

There were more than 200 law officers at the prison by this time. Every highway trooper in the state had been called off his post to race to the prison, as well as two platoons of the Utah National Guard.

When the cons wrecked the lights, officers raced for their automobiles. Motors roared in the night in a frenzied crescendo as the cars formed a ring around the prison with their headlights focusing on the fence to prevent a mass breakout.

There was an excited stir among the convicts as an emergency crew of the Utah Power and Light Company arrived to string a power line from the highway.

The convicts thought the linemen were national guardsmen preparing to storm the prison. To forestall any such attempt, they used their ace in the hole—the hostages.

Out of the blackness of the prison, hands aloft and terror written on their faces, four hostages walked into the glow of the automobile headlights near the front gate. Shoving them roughly along was a group of convicts, with a submachine gun trained on them.

"You try to storm this place and we'll let them all have it, for sure!" he yelled.

Having made their point, they withdrew again into the stygian blackness.

A new commotion broke out inside the prison when an oil drum exploded filling the cell blocks with clouds of black smoke. There still was one man under lock and key. In the excitement the convicts had forgotten Barton Kay Kirkham, in Death Row waiting to be hanged.

A group of them groped their way to his cell to set him free. Kirkham, gasping and choking from the smoke, refused to leave.

When the fire was put out and the excitement subsided, we waited tensely, knuckles showing white against our riot guns. But nothing happened during the night. At five o'clock in the morning there was another alert. Two convicts approached the gate.

One was Billy Randall, a short, husky man, in for armed robbery. The other was my old "friend" Valdez, who had been on the grade behind me during those hours I had been isolated.

"We might be able to stop this thing if you let us tell our side to the press and on television," they said.

The television stations had set up remote units outside the prison, and convicts were put on the air. Calmly they told the viewers that they wanted "fairer" treatment, better food, a new parole board and a hobby shop.

"There will be no punishment for the riot, but individuals who have done personal harm or damage will not be immune," Governor Clyde told them. "But there can be no bargaining until the hostages are released."

Randall's reply was cold and terse.

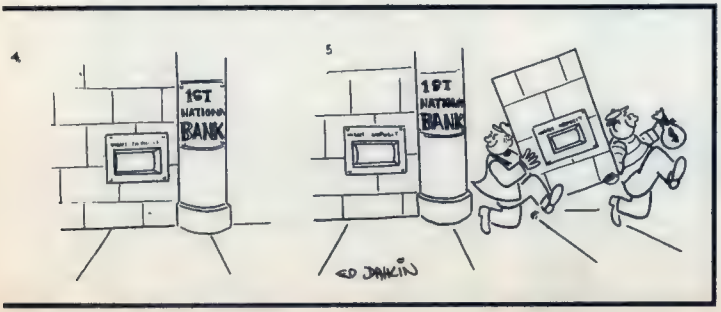
"If we release the hostages, we're afraid you'll wheel in the guns and blast us all. We want assurance that we're not going to be wiped out by a bunch of kids with itchy trigger fingers. Nobody's been killed so far—but, believe us, we'll kill the hostages if we're rushed."

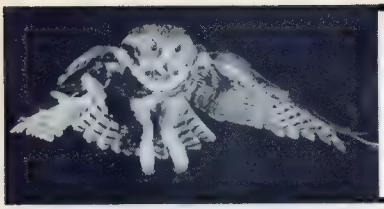
Again the minutes stumbled by on leaden feet and, as we watched the hands of the clock move toward six, I could sympathize with the hostages sitting inside the prison under the calculating stares of the convicts.

Then, shortly before six, they came. Randall, carrying the submachine gun, and Keener, carrying the rifle, herded all the hostages in front of them. His eyes hidden behind dark glasses, Randall removed the clip before he nonchantly handed over the machine gun. Then, almost as an afterthought, he reached under his blue denim jacket and brought out a revolver. Breaking it open, he removed the bullets and counted them into the hand of the attorney general.

We moved in then, riot guns and pistols ready and with orders to use them if necessary. Quite a bit different, I was thinking, from the last time I walked out of here.

And so ended twelve hours of vindictive violence and nerve-twisting terror. But I know I'll never forget the helpless, trapped feeling of that three-hour eternity in my besieged cell block. ■ ■





TIGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

was another target. As she crossed the barnyard to feed her storm-bound chickens a great gray owl bore in.

A Wisconsin trapper, leaving his cabin for firewood on the second day of a three-day blizzard, was set upon by two great horned owls. One of them dug through the trapper's muskrat cap and locked his talons into the man's scalp. With a stick of firewood the man drove off the other bird, then took his animated headgear into the cabin where he killed it with a poker.

Normally, such cases occur when natural food is scarce and the birds are crazed with hunger. But long experience with the gray killers leads me to believe that they like to attack people.

When food is plentiful, dusk and dawn are the favorite feeding hours for the great horned owls. Any small grove that is not too busy could serve as headquarters. At dusk the owls mount look-out perches near grassy bays and openings in the brush, and await their victims. They will drop like avenging thunderbolts on any wildlife that can furnish food.

One winter, while running my trapline, I found the brush of a red fox sticking out of a snow drift. When I pulled it out I found that the fox had killed its asailant. The owl's long, needle-sharp talons were locked in the animal's backbone and the bird's body was cut to shreds.

In one great horned owl's nest I found a hen pheasant's legs, a whole cottontail rabbit, the saddle of another cottontail, the mummified head of a mallard, an entire coot, parts of a burrowing owl, a grackle and a freshly killed starling. And the nest was permeated with the odor of skunk. Probably, owls have no sense of smell and they are not averse to bringing home parts of skunk, Civet cat and wood pussy for their young to feed on .

Great horned owls have little taste for nest building. They will preëmpt an abandoned hawk or heron nest of the previous year and remodel it with a few miserly stalks of dead grass. On such weatherbeaten shelves of coarse twigs, the female lays from one to three cream-colored eggs, only slightly smaller than those of the domestic turkey, but almost identically rounded at both ends. When the young have grown sufficiently, the owls will confiscate another nest.

One of the adults is always around to protect the young against hawks and crows. If hunting is good, one of the parents makes a kill, fills itself on warm red meat, and carries the balance to the offspring. The mate is then free to hunt its own meal. But if game is scarce, the pair takes turns in patiently seeking it, always leaving one to guard the nest.

Young owls are relatively harmless to the curious human who climbs up to the nest. But watch out for their parents! A hat, the bigger the better, is a primary safeguard. If one of the old birds actually dives on you, it will go for your head. If it merely flies past within a few feet, your hat waved in its face will generally scare it off.

For some years I was considerably puzzled by the fact that, in several nests I'd kept under close surveillance, three eggs had been laid and three owlets hatched. Then, suddenly, only two were left. What was happening to the third sibling?

I stumbled on the answer one day on a dawn visit. I climbed a tree which supported a nest of three owlets, and came upon incipient family tragedy. It was mealtime and there was no food. In scuffling with each other while prospecting, the fur and feathers lodged in the nest twigs, one of the birds had accidently drawn blood from the smallest of the trio. When it tasted blood, there was no holding it back. While I watched, the two larger ones sank their talons into the little one. They ignored me as they began to tear at the down, which concealed the red meat they craved. When I visited that nest again, about midday, an untouched saddle of cottontail lay on the shelf of twigs. The youngest of the family was gone, wings, claws, downy feathers and all. Its young relatives were so gorged they merely blinked sleepily at me.

The theory that every wilderness creature has its own Public Enemy Number One, seems to have completely bypassed these giants of the owl clan. Only infrequently do they underestimate the fighting qualities of some furred targets, as in the case of the fox. And sometimes a mink or a weasel is caught by the hindmost portion of its body, so that it is free to tear its way into the owl's vitals. But in the main, they live a life of mayhem with utter impunity.

They do have one enemy which can give them a rowdy time. Crows will set up a woods-ringing uproar at sight of a great horned owl and gather reinforcements from all sides. But beak to beak and claw to claw, a single crow, or a dozen, is no match for an owl.

The great horned owl's sight and hearing are strictly top drawer. Shy of noise, they allow few heavy-footed hunters to glimpse more than a flash of their gray-brown wings leaving some sheltered branch. They hug the ground in flight and then will zoom suddenly to another favored perch in a hidden thicket.

At night, seeming to sense the fact that they are invisible to human eyes, they become exceedingly bold and frequently serenade a farmstead from a perch only yards away. Their deep-toned *Whuh-whoo-whoo-whoo* is the common call, but they are also capable of an insane shriek that is blood-chilling. Whether this cry is used to startle potential prey into revealing itself, or whether it is a shriek of rage, I don't know.

Once I found two half grown owls in an abandoned hawk nest. The nest was thoroughly impregnated with skunk odor. While I was hastily getting the youngsters out of the tree, one of the owls came flying in, attracted by the trilling danger calls of its young. I could have shot it easily, but decided to capture the family group intact. So I penned one of the owlets in a cage of woven willow twigs and set traps for the old ones, carefully padding the trap jaws with soft cloth to avoid breaking their legs. In twenty-four hours I had them all. Beside the last trapped adult lay a saddle of cottontail, evidently fresh food for its penned young.

Using a pair of heavy horsehide mittens, I transferred the four owls to an abandoned chicken run, roofed over the wire. They hissed and popped their beaks at me in indignation, but I knew that was just window dressing.

Feeding that family was a continuous problem. Not only did they rid the chicken run of every rat and mouse, but they cleaned up a white-tailed jackrabbit every twenty-four hours and relished such tidbits as starlings and sparrows for dessert.

One evening I heard a terrific uproar in my owl pen. First came the banshee wail of an outraged cat, followed by feline uproar. I remembered that an old tom, a neighborhood nuisance and bully, had watched me from a dozen feet away as I tossed in a freshly killed jackrabbit. I had decided he'd have more sense than to invade the owl enclosure. But when I heard that furious feline profanity later, I grimaced at the reception which must have greeted him.

The next morning I confirmed my suspicions. In the middle of the pen lay the old tom, stiff as a poker. His rib cavity had been neatly slit open and most of his interior mechanism was missing. The owls had very definitely relieved him of all of his nine lives.

I've shot several of the big birds since, but only because I have learned of the havoc they wreak among game birds and animals. But I'd have soon as shot my favorite hunting dog as those owls I had caged. And I fully agree with Audubon who calls the great horned owl "one of the most magnificent creatures of our avian wildlife." ■■

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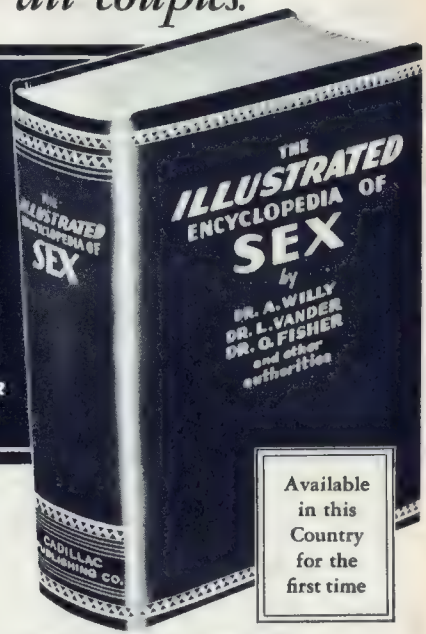

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TRAIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

hell away from me, you—!" He spoke an epithet that no man, even a hungry one, could take.

Chad Mason hauled him out of the chair and knocked him across the poker table. The table crashed over, spilling chips and cards. And right away Chad had more than he could handle.

Bixby's trail boss lunged at Chad and the tough trail crew joined in. They knocked Chad down, picked him up, knocked him down again. The third time up, Chad heard Bixby say, "Hold him right there!"

Chad was conscious of a terrific blow—then nothing. He woke up in the windy street, his body aching and his face a bloody mess.

Somebody was helping him up — an elderly stranger with a white mustache and a stiff-brimmed black hat. "Damn' trash!" snapped the elderly man. "Dozen against one! You put up a royal scrap, son! No shame to take a licking. And you took one! My oath, you did! Can you walk?"

"I've walked," Chad pronounced with groggy distinctness, "ever since I hocked my saddle."

The elderly man eyed him keenly. "Texan, eh? So'm I. Colonel Benjamin S. Woodbury. Colonel Ben, they called me in the old Texas Brigade."

Chad got to his feet, peered hazily about him. "Where do we go, sir?"

"Up to my room in the Alameda House, if you're agreeable," said the colonel. "Broke, son? You mentioned you hocked your saddle, and that's as broke as a man can get."

"Yeah," Chad agreed. "Y'see. I'm one of the damn fools who fought barbwire back home. Being a bigger damn fool than most, I fought longer and got chased farther. Well, things could be worse, I reckon."

"How?" asked the colonel skeptically.

Chad thought it over. "I've still got my appetite, for one thing."

The colonel, smiling, ordered a dinner sent up to his room.

When the dinner arrived the colonel watched thoughtfully while Chad made a steak vanish. Passing cigars, the colonel said, half to himself, "Dammit, must be I'm losing my nerve. Never would've thought I'd forget how to meet with trouble that way."

Chad borrowed a light for his cigar, and leaned back comfortably. "What way, Colonel?"

"Your way! Look, son. You're broke, far from home, and afoot in a town that's none too friendly to Texans. You've hocked your saddle. You're in rags, if you'll pardon my saying so. It's plain you've been living on mighty lean rations lately, and coyoting out at night in the brush. But you don't act sorry for yourself." The old Texan wagged his gray head. "And I've been letting *my* troubles get me down!"

Chad glanced at the clean bed, the colonel's well-cut clothes, and the good cigars. "What troubles, Colonel?"

Colonel Ben Woodbury eyed him almost humorously. "Nothing like yours, but bad enough at my age. You've seen that mixed herd over on the far side of the river? It's mine. And it's hocked, like your saddle."

"I've seen it. Why so many horses in the cavvy? Twice what's needed."

"That herd, and the horses," the colonel related dispassionately, "were all that remained after I settled my son's gambling debts." His gray-blue eyes took on a faraway look. "My son died last winter. I didn't know how much he owed till then. Naturally, I paid off."

"And went into debt doing it?" Chad put in. He recognized this kind of man. The ancient, honorable kind, calmly accepting ruin rather than allow a debt to go unpaid.

The colonel meditated. "My indebtness is an indirect consequence," he said fairly. "I needed money for feed, to pay the round-up crew, and so forth. I borrowed three thousand dollars. My plan was to get those cattle to the railhead and sell them, pay off the note, and have sufficient left over for a fresh start. The extra horses, sold, would bring enough to pay the trail-crew's wages."

"Good plan," Chad approved.

The colonel inclined his head in acknowledgement. "However, the man who loaned me the money—a trader by the name of Henry Siegel—required me to put up my cattle as security in full value. And this Mr. Siegel has made it obvious that he would prefer to take my cattle, rather than the cash. My cattle are worth around fifteen thousand dollars at the market price at railhead. He's pretty much the same type as your Mr. Bixby. They're friends, in fact."

"I know what what you mean."

"Yes. My note comes due on the first of next month. Mr. Siegel insists on his right to travel with the herd, so that he may claim the cattle, wherever they may be, as soon as the note falls due. Is it possible to drive a mixed herd like mine from here to the railhead by the first of next month?"

Chad evaded that question. "Why," he asked, "have they been held here so long?"

"That's due to Mr. Siegel, I'm afraid," the colonel replied. "I discovered that he'd bribed my trail boss to delay the drive. I fired the trail boss. Unfortunately, I can't get another one. As I said, Siegel and Bixby are friends. At least, they help each other with their deals. They've put fear into every man who considers the job. And not one of my trail hands has the experience. So I have until the first of next month to raise three thousand dollars — or lose my herd."

"How about selling your cows right here?"

"I'd do that willingly. But these buyers — well, they work together. Siegel and Bixby have warned the others off. I couldn't sell a calf here."

Chad bit down hard on his cigar. "It's a steal!" he growled. "These blasted dealers and traders are taking the country over. Listen, Colonel, I'm a trail man. I been taking cows up the trail since I was a button. I've bossed five outfits, and got 'em through. That's why I fought the barbwire. I don't like fences. I couldn't promise to get your herd through to the railhead on time, but I'd sure try!"

The colonel's eyes shone. "I was hoping you'd say that. If you get 'em through, I'll give you—"

"Let's talk pay later."

"All right. But I hear the Indians are making some fuss along Pond Creek. I wouldn't ask you to —"

"I know every Injun — chief, shaman, and warrior — in the Territory. I get along with 'em okay."

"The outfit's yours!" The old man said. "I'll make out the papers and give you a note to Mr. Siegel."

The long column of cattle, gaunt from hard travel, trekked northward, bellowing constant complaints across the barren hills. The hard-working riders on point and sideline kept squeezing the herd to a more compact mass.

A sullen mood had settled upon the cattle since the last stampede. They couldn't, or wouldn't, travel faster. Chad, smothered with sweat-caked dust, reined aside and somberly watched the herd pound slowly by. He had won the co-operation and loyalty of the crew, after fighting it out with a couple of troublemakers and firing them. He and the rest had done their best.

It wasn't enough. They had needed a miracle, and none had come. Chad had failed. The colonel was licked. They hadn't the ghost of a chance of reaching the railhead on time. Only a day to go, and over a hundred miles to travel. A hundred miles of the worst kind of country, broken and woody, haunted by resentful Cheyennes.

Suddenly Chad saw Henry Siegel coming up in his buckboard. He burned with the knowledge that Siegel had been responsible for the stampedes that had delayed the drive.

Siegel was a small man with a narrow, wizened face. He wore a black derby hat that was everlasting temptation to Chad. Siegel drew up and piped angrily:

"Let 'em spread out and graze along! Are you trying to ruin my cows?"

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"They ain't your cows yet," Chad said.

"You're crazy, Mason!" Siegel snapped. "You can't make it on time! Even if you could, you'd have to lay over and wait for buyers, because Bixby will beat you to the market!"

That was true. The Bixby herd had passed—a big, fast-moving herd of strong, long-legged steers, driven by trail hands who waved derisively at the slower, mixed Woodbury herd. Bixby had dropped over to visit with Siegel.

"Indian trouble?" Chad had heard Bixby bellow in response to a nervous query from Siegel. "Indians are no trouble to me, Henry! Smack 'em with a .44 slug —that's the medicine."

And that, Chad had mused dourly, was what made it tough for everyone else.

Chad now said to Siegel, "Tomorrow the herd's yours and you can drive it how you like. Till then, I'm boss." Chad looked up to see one of his point riders waving urgently. He spurred forward and met him. "Trouble, Jeff?"

"She sure looks that way! Bunch of Injuns got the trail blocked up ahead. They don't 'pear a damn bit sociable to me!"

"Pass the word along to ease down, while I go pow-wow those folks."

"Watch 'em, man! They're sore about something."

The Indians were sore, all right, Chad could tell as he approached them. Lined up on their ponies, barring the trail, they laid a chill regard on him. They had hackamores instead of bridles, and their rawhide saddles were lavishly ornamented with brass tacks.

Swiftly, Chad took in all the signs. Cheyennes and Comanches, these. Fighting men, touchy and belligerent, nursing a long resentment that could flare into reckless warfare.

All of them flaunted eagle feathers, dyed red, blue and green, each feather tipped with a buckskin thong—badges of war rank, and worn in war. Their splendid, lean bodies were greased, stripped to breech-clouts and moccasins.

Chad picked out the leader, a huge, hard-visaged man. A war chief. Chad recognized him. He greeted him calmly by his name, Hiomavi. Then he dismounted and squatted on his heels.

Chad spoke briefly in Cheyenne on the subject of friendship. Hiomavi thought it over for five minutes, and grunted non-commitally. That was how it went on. A few measured words, a lengthy silence, and a grunt. This pow-wow threatened to drag out the rest of the day.

But at last Hiomavi got off his pony and squatted on the ground. Chad breathed an inaudible sigh of relief and let his hair settle down. The chief accepted tobacco from Chad, smoked his pipe in silence for a while, and suddenly began talking.

Siegel drove up in his buckboard. Not knowing better manners, he interrupted to demand what all the rag chewing was about. The chief stared at him hard.

Chad said, "Shut up! My friend, here, is tellin' me how his son got shot in the leg by Bixby yesterday."

Siegel frowned importantly. "Dammit we didn't shoot his son!"

"Quit the fool talk and shut up, will you?" Chad said.

He turned back to Hiomavi. "I know your son. Take to him my wish that he soon recover. Take to him also a steer from this herd." He smoked gravely, watching the hard, dark face. "Take also a steer for your people. For a feast in honor of your son."

He finished his cigarette, and rolled another. He passed the tobacco, and waited while the chief refilled his pipe. "But no steer for you, Hiomavi."

The black eyes lifted.

"No steer for you," Chad repeated, and puffed slowly. "No. For you, my friend, there is that fine buckboard and the team! To drive your son around in, till he is able to ride again. Take it!"

Choosing his words with care, Chad spoke again to the chief. "These are gifts of friendship. Do not think of them as payment for your son's injury. That should be paid for, yes. But it should be paid for by those who did it!" He looked into the black eyes. "Horses to the number of ten times ten, Hiomavi, would not be too much payment."

"I'll have you jailed!" Siegel screamed, when the pleased chief drove proudly off in the buckboard, followed by his band of warriors and two steers. "I'll—hey! My bedroll is still in that buckboard!"

"Good!" said Chad unfeelingly.

Siegel stood glaring at Chad. "I'll get you for this, Mason! I'll—"

"You'll try, I know." Chad gazed at him somberly. "I should have let Hiomavi jump you. You've thrown the rules away. That bein' the case, I'm doin' likewise!"

Chad didn't get much sleep that night. He kept thinking of Hiomavi driving off in the buckboard. Would that gift make him forget his fierce resentment?

In the morning Chad got his answer. Jeff, riding right point, waved a signal to Chad to come on up front. When Chad got there he didn't need to ask any questions. The big man riding down toward them was Ward Bixby.

Bixby ignored Chad, and rode on to Siegel. "Dammit, some cussed Indians ran off our horses last night!" he bellowed. "Over a hundred horses gone! My herd's stalled! No water, grass giving out, and if they take a notion to stampede—we're cooked! Henry, I want horses, and you've got plenty here to spare!"

"Certainly, Ward, certainly!" Siegel nodded. "How many do you need?"

Chad rode up to them. "Wait a minute, now? Whose horses are you making so free with?"

The two traders swung around. Their sharp eyes knifed at him. Bixby took off his coat and laid it across his saddle. "Whose outfit is this, Henry?" he drawled. "Today's the first of the month!"

"I know it!" Siegel snapped. "And I've been looking forward to this day, believe me! Mason, it gives me much pleasure, as owner, to be able to fire you!"

"And that," said Chad, "doesn't surprise me. So today you foreclose on the colonel's note and take his herd. That's not surprising to me, either, knowing the kind of twisty sidewinder you are."

Bixby took a heavy step forward. "You heard him say you're fired! Get going, bum, or I'll bounce you harder than I did in the Silver Steer!"

Chad glanced at him and back at Siegel. "The note you hold covers the cows. The horses are not included. They belong to Colonel Ben. I carry papers from him that give me sole responsibility for 'em, and the authority to sell 'em at my discretion. *Sabe?* Mister, you ain't got a horse to your name. You, my friend, are worse afoot than Bixby!"

Siegel stared. "Now see here, you can't—"

"No?" Chad kept close check on Bixby.

"Maybe you're wearing too many guns."

"The hell I can't. I'm not working for you. You just fired me."

"Er—perhaps I was—a little hasty . . ."

"Folks sometimes are." Chad noted Bixby's right hand edging hipward. He had no gun, himself, having sold his .41 before he pawned his saddle. "I'm working for Colonel Ben. It gives me much pleasure, as his agent acting in his best behalf, to inform you I'm pullin' out—with his horses."

"You can't!" Siegal gasped. "It's—it's against every rule of the trail!"

"Smart jiggers like you have lately set me a bad example in kicking the rules away."

"Don't worry, Henry," Bixby growled, staring intently at Chad. "He couldn't do it, even if we let him. One man alone, and all those horses?"

"Not alone," Chad corrected. "The boys are with me." He lashed out, fast and hard, at Bixby. He stepped in and followed up with a stabbing right. Those of the crew who saw it raised appreciative yells as Bixby spread his bulk in the dirt. Siegel, stumbling hurriedly backward, uttered vague, startled sounds of protest.

Chad brought his boot down on Bixby's wrist, and wrenched the gun from his hand. It was cocked, and he slung it around and tripped the hammer. The shot served two purposes. It drew the attention of the trail hands, and it punctured Siegel's black derby. "Something I've itched to do for quite a while." Chad commented as he signaled all hands in.

He backed up, covering both traders. His grin was savage. "Want to buy a hundred good horses, Bixby? I hear you're in the market. I hear also that the Indians took some horses off you—to the number of ten times ten. My price was going to be three thousand dollars, but now it's four. A fair bargain for you, at that—especially so, seeing those same Indians will probably be back tonight to stampede your herd if it's still there. The extra thousand will do to pay the boys with."

Bixby sat up, dabbing at his mouth. He was a considerably quieter and more reasonable man. He looked up slowly and said, "Mason, I don't carry that much money on me. I'll give you a check."

Chad twirled the gun. The crew, gathering around and listening, grinned. "I'll take your check for three thousand. The rest in cash. You got that much on you, I bet. Make the check out to Siegel."

Siegel blinked. "Me? B-but they're not my horses!"

"They ain't goin' to be your cows, either, much longer. The check is for payment in full on that note you hold. We'll figure the interest later. Kindly scrawl your receipt and signature on the note, and hand it here. I'm sure you'll see to it that Bixby makes good on his check—which he might not do for me!"

Bixby winced. Siegel began shouting and waving his arms, swearing that he wouldn't do it. Chad cut him off short.

"You're in Indian country, and I don't think Hiomavi took any special liking to you." Chad reminded him. "You don't have that buckboard any more, and I sure don't have to loan you a horse. And if you're dead set on keeping that herd,

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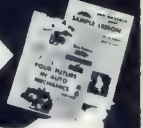

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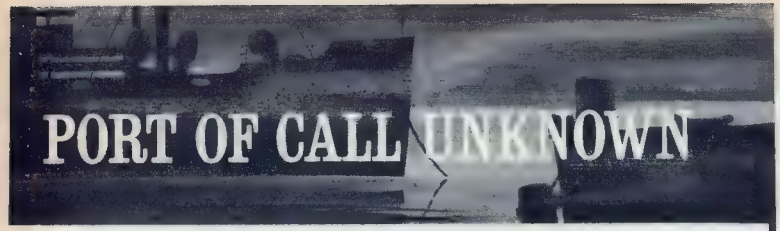

THE MARIE CELESTE

by MURRAY T. PRINGLE

On December 5, 1872, the brig *Dei Gratia*, sailed under a light north wind 300 miles off Gibraltar, when her lookout sighted a ship dead ahead. The *Dei Gratia* hailed the ship but got no response. The master, Captain Edward Morehouse, ordered his vessel to be brought nearer and saw the name on the bow, *Marie Celeste*, New York. Again the ship was hailed, and again there was dead silence.

Captain Morehouse sent a boat over, and the boarding party found not a sign of life. Seamen's clothes hung neatly in the forecastle, and a razor lay near a wash basin full of water. In the galley they found the ashes of a cooking fire and the remains of a meal that had been eaten by ten men. In the captain's cabin a table was neatly laid for what appeared to be an interrupted breakfast. Three chairs had been pushed back from the table.

Further investigation disclosed a cargo of alcohol in the hold, well stowed and in good order. The hull, mast and yards were in sound condition, and there was plenty of food and water on board. But where were the captain and crew? And why had a perfectly sound ship been abandoned? This is a mystery which today, eighty-six years later, still defies solution.

Nothing more ever was learned about the *Marie Celeste* except that she was of American registry and had left New York on November 7, of that year under the command of Captain William S. Briggs, accompanied by his wife and ten-year-old daughter. The ship's cargo was alcohol, destined for Genoa.

What had happened out there on that vast expanse of water? Was the captain and his family murdered by a mutinous crew? This theory is unlikely, since the lifboats were intact and there was not the slightest evidence of violence.

Following public announcement, theories flew fast and wild. There was one about an undersea explosion which released a cloud of poisonous gas which drove the entire personnel to dive overboard. But the most fantastic one had to do with a sea monster that had devoured all on board.

Fanciful theories such as these cropped up constantly and were hammered down again by the battering-ram of ridicule. All right, then, what is the answer? How could a captain, his family and his crew vanish from a ship on a glassy, untroubled sea? A true explanation of this celebrated case probably never will be known. And so the *Marie Celeste* must remain the world's most publicized ghost ship.

you'll do it alone—and on foot. Say, Bixby, you better talk to him. If he won't take your check, you don't get any horses."

For ten minutes the two sharp traders wrangled, argued. But when Bixby began referring to certain dark deals in the little man's past, Siegel surrendered.

"Y'know, fellers," Chad commented later to the interested crew, while he carefully pinned the canceled note and a thousand dollars inside his pants pocket, "I'm a mite sharp in a trade, myself, when I get mad. Maybe I should stay mad, an' make a fortune, huh?"

They gave it due consideration. "Heluva job," Jeff pronounced.

Chad nodded. "Yeah, I reckon. Too tough for me. Well, fellers, let's get Colonel Ben's cows up to railhead!" ■■

HELL TAMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

The well is in an arid wasteland twenty-five miles from the Korun River.

A blazing sun hoists temperatures above 100 degrees, scorching the area by day. Parching winds, sand laden, stinging the eyes and searing the skin, whip across it by night. Water is almost as precious as oil. Not an inviting spot to live in, it becomes a hell-hole when fighting a raging fire.

The well had blown in with a blast, hurling tools like rockets through the top of the rig. Then had come a rush of gas, erupting through the thick "black gold" at a pressure estimated at more than 8,000 pounds to the square inch. Borne in this uprush was a welter of rocks raking the inside of the steel well-casing like an endless blast of shrapnel.

Sparks flew as the hurtling rocks ground on the throat of the steel tubing at the well-head. That was all it took. It was like the flick of a behemoth cigarette lighter. The monster gas jet roared into flame, and in that flash success withered into disastrous failure for the oil men.

That was when telephone lines and transocean cables began to crackle with frantic calls to faraway Texas. Kinley packed his bags and hopped a plane at Houston.

"This is the toughest one I've seen," he told us grimly. "The well will have to burn for six weeks more."

By sunrise, the job of extinguishing the monster jet of fire was under way. Water can't douse blazing oil, but there must be plenty of water at hand before starting to extinguish a blaze like the one confronting us. Heat in the blast area was terrific. The entire terrain around the mouth of the well had to be cooled down sufficiently to admit machinery heavy enough to drag aside the red-hot wreckage. Until that was accomplished, nothing could be done about the flame

itself. The fiery junk would simply re-ignite the gas the instant it went out.

First orders were for twenty-five miles of heavy pipe—to reach the Korun River. From all over the Middle East trucks rolled, bringing in pipe, pumps, cranes and bulldozers. Planes arrived with highly specialized equipment needed for applying the "Kinley treatment."

Kinley's technique is neither particularly new, nor is it by any means practiced by him alone. It is used with various adaptations throughout the world. It was developed back in 1913 by his father, Karl T. Kinley, in California, after an accidental explosion ignited a well—and the resulting fire touched off a second unintentional blast that put it out. Many have used the idea since, but Myron Kinley is recognized throughout the oil industry as the greatest in the business.

The trick is to "blow" out the flame, as you would an oil lamp.

The principle is the same in either case, lamp or well. Flame cannot burn without oxygen. If a vacuum is created, even for an instant, between flame and the source feeding it—the fire is done. That's easy with a puff of breath across a lamp wick. But a tower of fire 300 feet high is something else again.

Days grew into weeks before the emergency pipeline to the Korum finally snaked its last sweat-soaked mile across the blazing desert.

It was six weeks after Kinley's arrival at Ahwaz that the stage finally was set to his satisfaction. He had become known by then among the workmen on the gruelling Operation Torch as "Salamander Sahib."

At last all seemed ready for the big "blowout"—a mighty puff to be generated by 500 pounds of dynamite.

An out-size oil drum sufficiently large to accommodate the explosive had been chosen by Kinley for his "fire-buster." Under his direction machinists had rigged an outer casing through which water could be circulated. Without this "radiator" the dynamite would explode before it could be jockeyed into position.

How to get it there had been something of a problem, too. You don't just tuck a quarter-ton of dynamite under your arm, run up and toss it in like a grenade. The big "pill" was going to be practically spoon-fed into the hungry fire.

The "spoon" that Kinley selected for the job was a giant mobile derrick with an eighty-foot boom. An operator, so skillful he could crack an eggshell with his mighty boom and never break the wolk, was flown in from a construction job in Turkey. The main problem, though, regardless of his skill, was to get him within boom-reach of the target—and then shield him from the monumental blast that would go off less than eighty feet from his nose.

The power unit of the giant crane was roughly "armor plated" with sheet steel shaped and welded into a crude sort of tank. Then heavy layers of asbestos had been applied over the steel. Water lines were strung along the boom, both to serve the circulating system of the "fire-buster"

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and to spray the derrick and its cables—when the heat was on.

The final touch was a long skein of "Pickford fuse" whereby the bomb could be detonated remotely—from the cab of the crane.

Regardless of the size or composition of the crew working with him, Myron Kinley always handles the *coup de grace* himself.

This time, Kinley had to modify his solo custom, though. Someone had to maneuver the crane's mighty arm until Kinley was ready for the knockout. He and the operator were in the cab when the big derrick began to trundle forward toward the blazing well. We watched steam rise from the water sprays that drenched the derrick and its cables. The boom swung slowly, the dynamite-packed burden swaying at its cable tips, as the expert craneman took deliberate "aim" at the heart of the monster yet. The crane squatted motionless on its treads for what seemed endless minutes. A petroleum engineer standing at my elbow could no longer stand the suspense.

"Why don't they *do* something!" he yelled into my ear. "They'll be cooked alive in five more minutes."

Even as he was yelling, though, the crane was resuming its forward lurch. Patches of "blush" were beginning to swirl across the asbestos on its face. Ten seconds! Twenty! Half a minute! The boom began to waggle in a motion that set its cargo swinging like a pendulum.

The drum of explosive was swaying gently in an arc that came nearer and nearer to the roaring spout of fire. Then, swifter than the eye actually could follow, the drum swung into the torch and was swallowed up. Nothing happened. The drum swung clear on the opposite side of the flame, reached the limit of its arc and began its re-approach. As it did so the boom-tip dipped a few inches lower. Evidently Kinley had elected to take a called strike on the first pass through, and the craneman had delicately juggled his huge pendulum into new adjustment for the backswing.

Once more the drum vanished into the pillar of fire. This time *everything* seemed to happen. There was a flash that was blinding even in the searing brightness of the torch. We scarcely heard the accompanying thunderclap of sound. The boom-tip lurched and wavered drunkenly for an instant as full impact of the blast hit it, but it held firm.

A sharp puff of wind slapped across my face. Then it was gone. But it had been *cool!*

I suppose my eyes had batted involuntarily when the charge went off. Whether they'd stayed closed a fraction of a second or ten times that long I'll never know. Anyway, whenever it was they reopened, it was on an entirely new scene. There wasn't any pillar of fire. I closed them again for an instant, just to make sure. Spots of light danced crazily against my lids, then dimmed. I took another look. The fire still was out.

But the thing that hit me hardest was the silence. All that broke the stillness was the hiss of oil spouting upward from the blackened well-head. The roar of the flame that we had lived with for six long weeks was gone.

"Okay!" Kinley yelled. "Go ahead and cap 'er off!" ■■

LOST MEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

The day was hot and the quarters below deck were stifling. Many troops, preferring the broiling sun to the suffocating heat below, stayed topside checking over their gear. Large numbers, though, remained below. I joined those on deck and casually began shooting informal stuff to round out a sequence on life aboard a jungle trooper. I crawled out under some steel superstructure forward of the funnel to get a down-shot on the forward deck, teeming with men stripped to the waist.

It was a picture hunch that saved my life.

As I squatted beneath the steelwork and made ready, a muffled explosion sounded deep within the ship. Instinctively I braced myself as the vessel shuddered. Then all hell broke loose.

A second explosion tore up from below, smoke and flames engulfing large portions of the upper decks. In the geyser of debris shooting skyward I saw dozens of human figures.

For an instant I was stunned. Then, realizing I was unhurt, I began shooting pictures like mad. A shambles of smoking, twisted metal, the deck erupted in a seething inferno of flame.

Screaming, cursing men—horribly burned and mangled by flying wreckage—fought their way to the side and plunged overboard.

As I jumped over a patch of fire to reach another vantage point, an officer lunged at me with a length of pipe, trying to get my camera.

I eluded his wild charge and, as I raced toward what had been the bridge, still another blast rent the stricken vessel. I was looking back over my shoulder, trying to snap the onrush of my pursuer, when the shattering explosion burst. Its force hurled me against a bulkhead and my pursuer virtually disintegrated right before my eyes in a blazing inferno.

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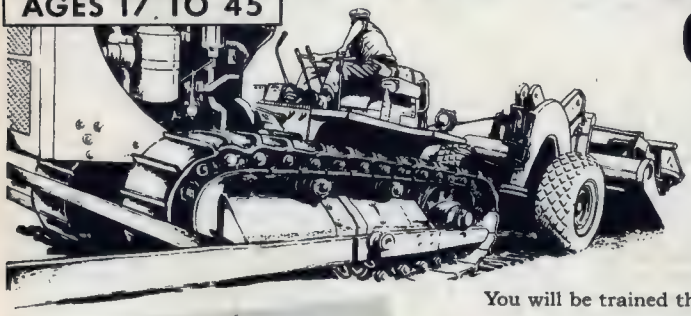

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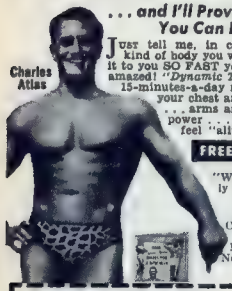

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Weak and stunned, unhurt except for bruises and a few cuts, I crawled aft. Other vessels moved alongside. Rescue operations were in progress. With my remaining film, I shot some of these.

The once proud *Valeur* did not have much longer to live. Ripped, torn and afire, she was listing perilously. Screaming men, clawing at each other, still were leaping into the sea from the tangle that had been the superstructure.

I found myself at last in one of the lifeboats. Those of us aboard pulled in others floundering in the oily water.

With gunwhales almost awash from the cargo of half-drowned men we had dragged aboard, we began to draw away from the approaching sea of fire. At one of the oars, I helped pull toward the safety of the shore.

A commission of investigation took over, but little order was brought from the confusion. I made myself scarce enough so I could reach facilities to develop my film. I pulled a set of proofs and managed to give them to a man I knew I could trust. An hour later I was picked up and identified by the investigating authorities. My negatives and other photo gear were promptly confiscated.

Why I have had to wait four long years to make the pictures public is a story in itself which now can be at least partially revealed. It involves a friend who, though now dead, I must refer to here only as Paul. He was, in the years that followed World War II, a key figure in various underground activities in Southeast Asia.

Paul was in the Saigon area at the time of the *Valeur* disaster. After my hurried processing of the prints, I sealed the set in a heavy envelope and dispatched it to him via the intricate underground apparatus. Accompanying the sealed pictures I sent a note asking him to keep the main parcel, unopened, until he could send it safely to me at an address in the States.

I returned ultimately to New York, but no word was waiting there from Paul. Months more passed. Still nothing. Then, quite by chance, I learned he was a prisoner behind the Curtain. I wrote off the *Valeur* pictures and more or less forgot them.

My work took me to sections of the globe far removed from Indo-China. I was away for two more years. Then, unexpectedly, a parcel caught up with me. It was stained and battered, but intact. It was the package of prints I'd sent to Paul years before. Where they had been or how they were smuggled out I shall never know. All I *do* know is that Paul died not long ago, somewhere behind the Curtain.

Although more than 200 men had died and scores had been injured in the *Valeur* holocaust, officialdom clamped a hush-hush on the entire affair.

It is known, however, that a super-secret courtmartial involving a number of high-ranking officers was held behind closed doors. What happened there or precisely what came to light is still, now four years later, one of the tightest secrets of the Indo-China war.

Survivors have guardedly expressed themselves as having knowledge that the disaster was Communist inspired. There would appear to be some support for this, since it is general knowledge that the seasoned troops and equipment aboard the ill-fated ship were desperately needed in the fighting that soon was to climax in the siege at Dien Bien Phu.

Whether the *Valeur* carried a quantity of undisclosed armament, in addition to the troops, sufficient to have caused the disastrous explosions, is a top-drawer secret which very probably never will come to public knowledge. If that were indeed the case, the next question naturally is this:

By whose hand, then, was that first blast set off? Surely by no one aboard the doomed vessel. On the other hand, she had been at sea for some time and it would be next to incredible to imagine that a timed device could have been planted.

What has happened to those who were courtmartialed? Were revelations developed at that trial of a nature that disclosure of them might then or even now have international significance?

Those are just a few of the unanswered questions which still plague me concerning the contraband picture sequences I was able to take of the top secret at Saigon.

They bother me—and I was merely a survivor. ■■

LOVE CAPTIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

always on hand, anywhere, when an easy buck can be turned. These renegade hoods have been kicked out of the States or have lit out with a posse on their heels. They play a prominent part in the female slave trade. Always after the fast dollar, they want no part of the desert caravans for smuggling girls. They prefer the plane or speedboat. Many have been shot down or sunk—with their unfortunate contraband—by authorities determined to stop this traffic in souls.

There's a story currently traveling around the Mediterranean ports of an American who was tricked into smuggling a girl into Africa. When he found out what he had done, he killed the man who had hired him. He then sold his speedboat and went to the secret auction where this girl was to be sold. She was a gorgeous brunette with blue-black hair and a magnificent figure. He wanted to buy her, and then get her out of Africa. But his highest bid was topped by a wealthy Arab.

The American followed him and his retinue to a palace near Tabelbala in the foothills southwest of the Atlas range.

That night he circled the palace until

he found the window of the "harem" chamber. From what was going on inside he knew that the Arab was having trouble with this girl.

When he heard the sharp sound of steel striking against stone, he climbed through the window. The Arab had struck at the girl with a scimitar, and had missed. As she slithered across the floor toward a group of other love slaves he followed, with blade upraised.

The American shot and killed him. He was turning toward the girl when a guard poked a submachine gun through the window. Her scream warned the American, who shot the machine gunner between the eyes as a spray of bullets peppered the ceiling.

He got the brunette out of Tabelbala, and they disappeared into the Atlas Mountains. Some reports have it that they are living with friendly Tuaregs; other reports say they left Africa.

And that is Africa—today—still living in the past of a thousand years ago. The Sahara holds many secrets—as does the jungles to the south. There, in the sweltering interior, Africa also lives in the tribal traditions of by-gone centuries.

For no place on earth are marriage customs still so primitive and pagan as those found on the Dark Continent.

Here is the way a marriage is arranged among some of the great Kaffir tribes to the south:

The young man takes a fancy to a girl, and his emissaries arrange with her parents the amount of *lobola* or bride-price he must pay. The fee is generally in the form of cattle or sheep—ten head of cattle or twenty sheep, and so on, and it must be paid in advance.

The girl has little to say. If she demurs she is *ukutwala* or carried screaming to the hut of the groom and told that to resist is hopeless. On the bridal night her reactions to her husband are observed closely by his friends, who may report that she proved an unsatisfactory wife or no wife at all—in which case the *lobola* must be refunded. The girl, of course, is then returned to her parents with her marriage-price in nowise impaired, in case some future swain wants such a defiant creature.

However, in most cases she is resigned to her fate. Then there are big beer feasts, lasting for days, at which everybody gorges on sacrificial oxen and goats. The families exchange all sorts of gifts. On the marriage morn the bride is painted with red ochre and dressed up in trinkets and beadwork. In the cattle-kraal she dances first for the men and then for the wives of both families and is carefully scrutinized by them. If she passes this inspection she is given a skirt of leopard-skin and more jewelry, and after more drinking and feasting she is considered married.

With variations, this marriage rite is typical of many African tribes. After marriage, the bride soon finds that her tasks are heavy; she must tend the cattle and flocks, work in the garden, keep the hut clean and cook. So it is not long before she is nagging her husband to take a second wife—assuming he can afford one. She will automatically be the boss of this second wife, and so on down the line, which is one reason why the wives are strongly in favor of polygamy.

And if we pooh-pooh the idea that polygamy is dying out in Africa, consider these facts: Many headmen of means and years have half a dozen wives ranging in age from seventy down to fifteen, and as many as fifty or more children.

Wifely infidelity is frequent in a land where women are considered nothing more than chattels.

Adultry seldom is a grounds for severe punishment. "The more men the better," say the wives of one tribe.

Among the strangest of primitive African customs are those requiring abstinence of husbands from their wives for a stated period following the wedding.

The Suahelis, for example, observe a waiting period of six months. This is probably for the commendable purpose of demonstrating terrific masculine self-restraint.

All in all, African marriage customs are frequently strange indeed, according to our lights, and most anthropologists believe that many years will pass before they are materially changed. Surely, it will not occur during our lifetime. ■ ■

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DEADLY DOLL

CONTINUED FROM PAFE 31

was pitched her way would have shocked the more circumspect elements of the community. But Anna cuddled quietly.

Phillip Hahn, Anna's unsuspecting, hard-working husband never dreamed that his wife's frequent trips to take care of "ailing Aunt Emma in Cleveland" were love trysts. He didn't even wonder how-come she always returned from "Auntie's" loaded with money and miscellaneous loot. But Phillip was a misty-minded fellow.

They had married in 1929, shortly after Anna arrived from the Old Country, a wide-eyed widow whose late husband, a Viennese doctor, had left her a small inheritance. Phillip was a plodding telegrapher and a homebody, apt to consider the meeting of the union local as the outing of the year.

Cincinnati was full of aging potential Romeos. Anna knew exactly how and where to find them, like the time she called at a Race Street rooming house and asked the landlady if there were any old men living there.

"Land sakes," replied the loquacious landlady, "they're all old. Why there's Rudolph Bentz a-goin' on sixty, and Hans Schwable a-goin' on seventy, and there's old Jacob Wagner—he's already seventy-eight, and has money to burn."

"That poor old man," said Anna, "that poor Mr. Wagner. "He's the man I came to see you about. You see, I have a letter from relatives in Hamburg and they're worried because they haven't heard from him in a long time."

"Well, did you ever?" replied the landlady, registering mild astonishment. "Why on earth didn't you say so in the first place? 'Cause, I can tell you he's all right—fit as a fiddle. But since you took the trouble to come around maybe you ought to speak to him yourself."

The landlady was right. Old Jake was as healthy as a horse, but it turned out that he wasn't the same Jacob Wagner who had a family in Hamburg worrying about him. He told Anna that he didn't have any family at all. The news caused Anna to cluck her tongue and gurgle sympathetic words. Her delightful Bavarian accent caused a warm nostalgic feeling to well up in old Jake's breast—and he said so.

"Well," murmured Anna demurely, "there's no reason why we can't be friends even though you aren't the same Jacob Wagner I was looking for."

So friends they became.

They made the rounds of Over the Rhine beer gardens holding hands as they listened raptly to the strains of Tyrolean tunes and Viennese Waltzes.

"Just like an Old Country girl," he chuckled as he told a crony about his new girl friend. "She's independently fixed too. And she really goes for me. I guess I'll marry her."

His chum kidded him about being too old for a rich, good-looking young woman. Old Jake, stung to the quick, gave him a fast brush-off. He was having the time of his life with Anna and he didn't have to put up with envious pals. But the pace was a little too fast. He began to go down-hill, finally taking to his bed.

Anna showed she was true blue and nursed him like a mother, preparing special dishes and soups for him. The landlady noticed that Anna had an odd habit of sprinking his food with powdery "salt" from a large blue porcelain salt shaker she always carried around in her black handbag.

About the time Old Jake gave Anna his bank book he suddenly took a turn for the worse. She solicitously bundled him off to a hospital.

At the Good Samaritan Hospital the doctors scratched their heads trying to diagnose Old Jake's case as he writhed in agony, then, with a convulsive jerk, breathed his last. Anna wept and refused to allow an autopsy. But when the doctors told her they'd be compelled to inform the coroner, she tearfully gave in. The autopsy didn't pinpoint the cause of death, but hardening of the arteries coupled with an intestinal inflammation indicated his ticker had just stopped ticking.

"Guess it was time he pegged out. Kinda curious case, though," said the doctors.

Anna put on a suitable black dress and cleaned out Old Jake's bank account. She didn't stay in mourning long. In no time at all she was back in her favorite taproom—looking for another pigeon.

Spotting well-dressed, rosy-cheeked old Ernst Kohler busily guzzling beer and minding his own business at a nearby table, she shrewdly appraised him as a gentleman of the Old World variety. Leaving her seat she swayed casually toward Kohler. Timing her move perfectly, she succeeded in jiggling his drinking arm, spilling the frothy brew down the front of his immaculate vest.

"Oh, gracious!" she exclaimed, managing to appear flustered in a fluttery feminine way. She hastily dabbed at the spots on his vest with her handkerchief. "Oh, *mein herr*, please excuse me. That was so terribly stupid of me."

Kohler was about to make a sarcastic crack when he became aware that the woman poking away at his midriff with her handkerchief was a pretty good-looking filly. It flashed through his mind that her open, honest, pretty face was definitely

Germanic and her accent reminded him of a lot of half-forgotten things.

"That's all right, *fraulein*," he said gently, getting to his feet. "Such small accidents happen."

"You are so kind," cooed Anna. "You see, I was waiting for my friend Frau Schmidt and she's very late, so I was somewhat distracted. Perhaps you know Frau Schmidt?"

"No, I don't believe I do," replied Kohler, now quite taken with her charming breathlessness. "But why don't you sit with me, until she arrives?"

"Well," she said rather uncertainly, "perhaps that would be all right for a little while. I'm sure Frau Schmidt will be here in a few minutes."

By the time they gave up waiting for the mythical Frau Schmidt, Anna knew that seventy-two-year-old Ernest Kohler was a wealthy retired drayage contractor. He owned a large home with lawns and shrubbery on Coleraine Avenue, assessed at $20,000, which in 1933 meant that it wasn't a shack. Best of all he was a widower.

Not many days had passed before Anna was spending most of her afternoons and an occasional night at Kohler's Coleraine Avenue home. They talked of marriage and a future together. Hopelessly in love and completely sold on Anna, Kohler made out a new will in her favor. That was his last big mistake. Anna promptly fished the special blue salt shaker out of her handbag and began dusting his soup.

Kohler shortly went the way of all flesh. Hardening of the arteries aggravated by an intestinal illness, the doctors said, stopped the old guy's clock. As his demise seemed as natural as the changing of the seasons there was no mention of an autopsy, Anna arranged to have him planted immediately.

Anna moved into the Coleraine Avenue house with husband Phillip who believed the house "belonged to Aunt Emma."

Grumpy, peevish, sixty-seven-year-old George Gsellman, who had the build and constitution of a wrestler, came next. But after he met Anna, sour old George began acting as congenial as a back-slapping county coroner running for re-election. Anna got to work with her big, blue salt shaker, and shortly she was weeping at Gsellman's funeral.

Anna's next victim was rich old Albert Palmer, whom she tenderly nursed into a casket. His arteries, too, had hardened. A few days after Palmer was permanently installed in the cemetery, Lieutenant George Schattle of Cincinnati's homicide squad happened to drop into his favorite beer garden.

"How's business?" he asked Max, the proprietor.

"Lousy," Max replied. "I'm losing all my customers."

"What's the matter, watering the beer?"

"Beer's the best in town and you know it," retorted the saloon keeper. "Trouble is the embalmers are getting all my best customers. I wish that damn woman would stay out of my place."

"What woman?" asked Schattle.

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"That flirty little Hahn dame. Seems like when she gets her hooks into a man, he's a goner." He ticked off the names of Anna's boy friends who had kicked the bucket.

"Well, they were all pretty old," remarked Schattle who saw the deaths as unhappy coincidences. "They couldn't live forever, you know."

"I know, I know," said Max "but she's plain poison to my business. I ain't superstitious—but that dame's the kiss of death around my joint."

"You've got a great imagination," laughed Schattle as he finished his beer, "but don't let it get you down. Everybody knows you've got a gold mine here."

Anna might have gone on indefinitely and exterminated the entire elderly population of Over the Rhine if she hadn't gotten hog greedy. She still had plenty of the fatal white powder in her blue salt shaker so she went off on a honeymoon to Colorado Springs with sixty-seven-year-old George Obendoerfer, a well-fixed, retired Cincinnati shoe-repair-shop owner.

From Anna's point of view the honeymoon was a success. She came back—but poor old George didn't. Hardening of the

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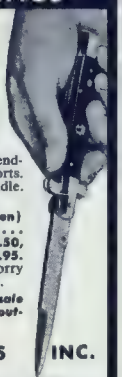

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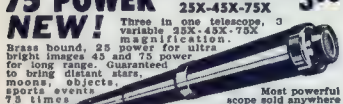

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arteries and indigestion had done the trick again, and George wound up wrapped in a shroud. This was normal, only this time Anna fouled up. Not content with George's money, she lifted his jewelry too. She pawned it for five hundred dollars, and the Colorado Springs police wanted her for grand larceny.

As Lieutenant Schattle studied the message from Colorado Springs, an ugly, revolting thought crossed his mind. He remembered his conversation with the beer-hall owner. Here was another solvent old man who had fallen under the spell of the wavy-haired blonde and had passed on into the next world. Colorado Springs wanted Anna for theft, but maybe Cincinnati wanted her for mass murder.

"Pick this woman up for larceny," Schattle instructed a couple of detectives, "and then check into her past. And I mean check. I want to know everything there is to know about her."

Schattle hopped across town to the suds garden for another glass of cold beer. Max, practically scared out of his wits now that he learned that his hunch might be an actuality, told everything he knew about Anna and her pick-ups. As he talked, Schattle began to form a macabre picture.

Meanwhile one of the bartenders told about a man named Woodcock who used to take Anna to Harrington Lake on week-ends.

"That so," said Schattle immediately interested, "Where can I get hold of this bird Woodcock?"

"He don't come around no more."

Schattle asked, "How come?"

"Can't say for sure," said the bartender, "but I heard they found him floating in the lake with a boat chain wound around his neck. Suicide, maybe. The blonde he was with must have scrammed. Anyways, they never found out who she was." He scratched his chin a moment, then said, "There also was George Heiss who used to come in here with Anna. He's a retired coal dealer. I haven't seen Heiss for a long time."

Lieutenant Schattle found Heiss in a wheelchair, a thin wreck of a man. He told the detective he had first met Anna when she came to his office to purchase the winter's coal supply. She gave him the full charm treatment and they were soon spending their evenings together.

When he was softened up sufficiently she borrowed $1,000 from him. But as time went on, Heiss realized he was being taken—and insisted she pay back the grand. Anna was sweet about it and invited him to have a home-cooked dinner.

"The main dish was greens, German style," snorted Heiss. "She insisted I eat them all because they'd be good for my health. I damn near died—and I've been paralyzed from the waist down ever since. Compared to Anna, a female king cobra is a gentle, sensitive reptile."

Heiss's story sold Schattle, but he knew the evidence wouldn't hold water with a jury. His investigators brought in more facts.

Early in life Anna had shown a penchant for elderly men. At twenty she met and married a medical researcher thirty years her senior. They moved to Vienna, and Anna often helped the doctor conduct experiments to determine the toxic effects of poisons on living animals.

Perhaps Anna became over enthusiastic about her work because the robust doctor suddenly died of hardening of the arteries and a severe gastric disturbance. With the money he left, Anna came to the United States, arriving in 1928. A year later she gravitated to Cincinnati and married Phillip Hahn.

Schattle decided to give Anna the works. She came out of her cell defiant and indignant. But when the lieutenant told her she was suspected of scragging a good portion of Cincinnati's senior citizens, she wilted—but quickly revived to deny it all.

"All I have done," she insisted, "is help a lot of unfortunate people who needed a little kindness. I felt sorry for them and was good to them. I gave them young love in their old age. Can I help it if they died? Even then, I saw that they had Christian funerals."

She went on to tell Schattle of an unhappy, frustrated girlhood in Munich—But she could see he was not impressed.

After that she refused to say another word. Realizing she was going to be a tough nut to crack, Schattle ordered the exhumations of Jack Wagner and George Gsellman. The city chemist reported that their bodies were loaded with arsenic. The same day Colorado Springs' police telephoned that a chemical analysis of George Obendoerfer's remains showed death due to arsenic.

"Give her credit," the toxologist told Schattle, "she is a first-rate poisoner. As soon as she had her victims hanging on the ropes she fed them large doses of croton oil to flush out the arsenic. It was a good try and she fooled the doctors."

Schattle clinched his case by locating the druggist who had sold Anna arsenic over a four-year period. His investigation revealed that the buxom beauty had probably poisoned at least fifteen persons and possibly others, but he could prove murder in only about half a dozen cases.

Anna was tried for the murders of Jacob Wagner and George Gsellman. A jury of eleven women and a man found her guilty and she was sentenced to die.

As the execution date approached, Anna panicked. "They were all going to die anyway," she screamed, "and they'd never be able to use all that money. Yes, I killed them. But I was kind to them."

But the next day the deadly blonde Lorelei whose arsenic-flavored, beer-parlor romances earned her a niche among the most talented and prolific poison murderesses of all time, denied she had ever killed anyone. Four days later as she sat mumbling the Lord's Prayer, the executioner of the Ohio State Prison at Columbus pulled the switch and she became the first woman to burn in the history of the state. Outside the iron gates, a shocked, incredulous, sickened Phillip murmured a soft, whimpering *"Auf Wiedersehen,* Anna," without realizing he was the luckiest telegrapher on the circuit. ■■

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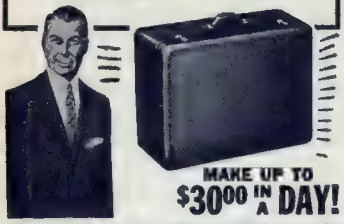

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TORMENTED ONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

already been driven stark, raving mad. The fortunate ones who had gone insane were slowly cut to pieces.

Nero is justly infamous for his multitudinous cruelties and insane acts, including, possibly, the burning of Rome although there is some doubt that he actually set his capital city afire, or fiddled while it burned. That this man was primarily an insatiable monster is not so well known. Actually he was a victim of *satyriasis*—insatiability for the female sex. He was a homosexual as well as a sadist and masochist—delighting in torturing and being tortured.

Nero popularized the summer-resort city of Baiae, the lust capital of the world for three centuries.

A feature of Nero's villa at Baiae was a pool of *muraenae*—voracious carnivorous fish—in which he delighted to cast virgins after he or his friends had attacked them.

Nero violated and killed countless women. Most of these he discarded after a single dalliance. He had his favorites, too, such as the beauteous wanton Poppaea Sabina, who was the first woman to bathe in a pool of milk. Nero was so infatuated with Poppaea that he killed his wife Octavia in order to marry the courtesan, then kicked her to death in a fit of rage.

Emperor Nero was an active homosexual. He once "married" a stalwart male slave he had freed. On another occasion he "married" a eunuch.

Excesses like these appalled even the debauched Romans, and ultimately his own Praetorian Guard turned against him. He committed suicide, by stabbing himself to escape execution. But in his brief thirty-nine years he built a reputation for monstrosities that will endure for all time.

With few exceptions, all the Caesars were sex maniacs. Julius Caesar conducted amours with both women and men. He was not above seducing the wives of his best friends, a habit which won him many enemies. The following ditty was sung about him on his return to Rome after one of his military campaigns:

Watch well your wives, O citizens,
A lecher bald we bring.
In Gaul adultery costs him gold,
Here it's but borrowing.

Augustus Caesar, who succeeded him, was a satyr of indefatigable enthusiasm but there is no indication he resorted to homosexuality. Nor was he cruel, a trait frequently found in homosexuals. His chief hobby was to collect the most beautiful female slaves the Empire afforded.

He was also not above seducing the wives of his subordinates. Once, according to Marc Anthony, Augustus interrupted a banquet to lead a wife away from her husband's side and into his own chamber. He brought her back later, and ordered the banquet resumed. Augustus was one of the few Roman emperors to die of old age at seventy-seven.

Tiberius was a pervert-murderer, who maintained a villa on the Isle of Capri where he staged numberless orgies with beautiful boy and girl slaves.

Following him was Caligua, mad as a March hare. He took practically every wife in Rome. When not so engaged, he took an idiot's delight in playing practical jokes on the people in his court, particularly the women. He was assassinated at the age of twenty-nine in 41 A.D.

Claudius, who succeeded him, wore himself out with excesses. He was poisoned by his own fourth wife, Agrippina.

France produced her share of sex-mad kings, of whom probably the most depraved was Louis XI. The son of a notorious woman-chaser, Charles VII, Louis outdid his licentious parent.

When he was only nine—in the year 1432—he forced a maid-servant to submit by threatening to make a false complaint against her to his father. It was acts like this that earned him the title of "Louis the Louse." By the time he was fourteen—and generally as the result of threats—he had seduced hundreds of females in the French court. He even made an unsuccessful attempt to threaten his father's gorgeous mistress, Agnes Sorel.

Power-mad, he arranged the poison murders of both his father and Agnes—and ascended the French throne in 1461. In his favorite chateau—The Spider's Nest—he abused hapless females. He also habitually exercised the *droit de signeur* or "right of the bridal night" upon brides within his domain. Completely insane, he locked himself in his heavily fortified retreat (with his harem) and amused himself by hunting down rats with a pack of dogs.

Spain, too, has given the world numerous royal sex monsters. The most notorious was the 16th Century Infante Crown Prince Don Carlos, who did not live to ascend the throne. He died at the age of twenty-four as the direct result of over indulgence. The Venetian ambassador, who knew him well, labeled him a "degenerate" and described him in these words: ". . . he displays a great tendency to cruelty. I am told that when live hares or other animals are brought to him during a hunt, he enjoys roasting them alive. Someone made him a present of a large

tortoise, which bit his finger one day, whereupon he bit off its head. He delights in the company of girls and women, and appears much oversexed already at his early age." (Don Carlos was only twelve when this letter was written.)

As a young boy, Don Carlos practiced extreme sadism upon court children. One of his favorite games was to have boys and girls beaten until they were unconscious. After they revived he and his young friends assaulted the girls. By the time he was fifteen he had seduced most of the ladies of the court—and had had numerous husbands murdered, merely for protesting.

His speech was almost invariably obscene, and he delighted in roaming the streets with a gang of hangers-on accosting and attacking defenseless women. He also frequented the lowest brothels, and once atempted to burn one, and its inmates, to the ground because of a fancied affront by one of the girls. This attempt was frustrated by the personal guardsmen of his father, King Philip II, who knew his son was insane.

As Don Carlos' madness increased, Philip II placed more and more restraints upon him. Finally he was confined to a palace apartment under guard. Now he revealed evidences of extreme masochism by refusing to eat for weeks at a time, and then suddenly gorging himself. He blistered his flesh before a roaring fire, and then covered himself with ice.

Upon his death there were rumors that his father had caused him to be killed, but these never were proven.

One of the most infamous of the royal sex maniacs was Christian VII of Denmark. He was both heterosexual and homosexual, a sadist and masochist who died totally insane.

A semi-idiot, brutally beaten by his tutors in boyhood, Christian was introduced to homosexuality at an early age by an effeminate male page named Sperling. When his father died, Christian, only seventeen, became king. He was promptly introduced to the English princess Caroline, the intent being to strengthen both thrones through a royal marriage. At the grand introductory ball Christian —who had already attacked most of the women in the Danish court—maneuvered Caroline into a bedroom. She was thirteen at the time.

Learning of this indignity, the British public wanted no more of Christian—but the Cabinet decided that the marriage must go through as planned, and they were wed. Except for fulfilling the necessity of providing an heir to the throne it was a marriage in name only. Caroline—who loathed her brutal husband—soon acquired a lover, Count Struensee, who became the behind-the-scenes ruler.

The weak-witted king settled down to a life of depravity. He enjoyed having himself whipped by his palace guardsmen. He liked to beat his friends—male and female alike—with clubs, and he delighted in pouring acid over them. The revels at his harem of boys and girls were continuous.

As his madness increased, he was kept almost constantly under sedation to prevent him from killing those around him. Despite this precaution, he succeeded in committing many murders. Plotters, who wanted to divest Count Struensee of his post as unofficial ruler, raided the queen's quarters late at night and found the count with Caroline. The plotters prepared an execution order against the two on grounds of adultery. The paper was presented to the feeble-minded king for his signature. Christian signed it without bothering to read the death-warrant. Count Struensee was beheaded. Caroline was spared, due to British influence. But the royal marriage was annuled and Caroline was banished.

Lacking the astute guidance of Count Struensee, Christian soon lost even the semblance of power. He was deposed by his seventeen-year-old son, Frederick, and made a virtual palace prisoner.

Compared with these sadist-masochists, the British sex-obsessed kings were mild. For the most part, they were contented with women—ladies and scullery maids alike.

The merriest of Britain's monarchs was Charles II, who practically bankrupted the Crown with his extravagant romances, and wore himself out so that he died a doddering wreck at the age of fifty-five. He was so adept at squiring the wives of his court that his reign was known as Britain's "Age of Cuckolds."

One mistress was never enough for the ever-loving Charles. He used to keep at least four at one time, and they were all beauties. One was the glamorous and high-spirited actress Nell Gwynn. She presented the king with a son whom he made the Duke of St. Albans. Still another mistress was the Duchess of Portsmouth. The third member of the king's harem was the beauteous Lady Castlemaine, a fine dresser, according to the court "Peeping Tom," Samuel Pepys. He wrote that she wore "the finest smocks and linen petticoats . . . laced with rich lace at the bottom . . ." Castlemaine was an expensive plaything. She cost the infatuated king somewhere around $150,000 during the time she retained his interest.

Compared to Chaka, king of the immense Zulu tribe in the 19th Century, the European monarchs seem tame. Chaka was not only insatiable in his lust for women—he hated them all with an insane sadism which seldom was satisfied until he had murdered them. The numbers totaled in the thousands.

A military genius of the first rank, Chaka consolidated all the Zulu peoples and went on to conquer many neighboring African tribes.

The "Zulu Napoleon"—or "The Black Butcher," as he was variously called —established a capital which he named Kumasi—Place of Death. A strong believer in magic, he caused men and women who had affronted him to be buried alive up to their necks outside the palace walls as "power medicine" against his enemies.

A ruthless despot with his soldiers, he required them to abstain from women during military service—death by torture being the penalty for disobedience.

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BLACK LION INN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Tomorrow morning, perhaps?" She extended her small, well-shaped hand.

He touched her fingers lightly, and felt a slight shiver. "Tomorrow morning. Good evening, ladies."

Keith was given a room on the ground floor. He fell into his bed with a deep sigh. It was good to sink in a nice bed after all this time. He gazed at the ceiling, fingering the pouch that hung from a cord about his neck. And he wondered what Gooch's reactions might be if he had told him all of his story.

Edmund Keith, penniless ex-lawyer and debtor, with his close friend, Roger Bryant, had crossed the Atlantic in cramped, uncomfortable quarters, with poor food and inadequate exercise . . . just two more of a miserable lot of men, bound for a new life without promise. For they were indentured servants, subject to sale like so many animals, doomed to a servitude of not less than five years, according to law. The pirate attack and subsequent appearance of the British man-of-war had presented the one great opportunity for these unhappy men. During the general confusion of the pirates' attempted boarding, some twenty-odd men had escaped. Keith and his friends had been separated but promised to meet in Charles Town.

Keith's mouth set itself in a hard, straight line. As yet he had no word of Roger, and he had no money except what he had already used to pay for his lodging. But he had the pouch with the emerald brooch.

His eyes grew sleepy as he touched the strap around his left forearm, with the leather sheath and razor-edged blade.

Keith was feeling better as he finished breakfast and came into the bar-parlor the following morning. He stopped a moment to exchange a greeting with Israel Gooch, who stood near the fireplace, talking to two hard-eyed men.

"Good morning to ye, Mr. Keith," muttered Gooch.

Keith replied cheerily. But as he mounted the steps to the second floor, his brow creased in a frown.

But standing before the door to Miss Howard's rooms, he forgot them, and his pulses quickened at the prospect of seeing her again. The door opened and Esther invited him in.

Without further preliminaries, he took the pouch from his shirt, opened it and laid the emerald brooch in her palm.

"I'd like to sell it to you," he said.

Her even white teeth chewed at her lower lip. "It's lovely."

"How did you come by it?" asked the aunt suddenly.

Keith grinned at the older woman. "It's an heirloom." He turned to the girl. "I must be perfectly honest, Miss Howard. I need the money. From conversation with other passengers, I learned a great deal about you. Your father is a wealthy Sussex jeweler."

"Did you also hear that I'm something of an expert in judging gems myself, Mr. Keith?" Her eyes glistened.

"I did," he admitted. "I know no one else in Charles Town at present. And certainly, I can think of no one whose loveliness would match the beauty of this emerald as well as yours."

"You've a glib, smooth tongue, Mr. Keith. However"—she looked at the emerald with loving eyes. "What price would you ask?"

"I had no definite figure in mind. What would you offer for it?"

She thought a moment, then shook her head. "I think it best for you to see a jeweler and get an appraisal."

He replaced the emerald in the pouch. "I'll do it, Miss Howard." He tried to conceal his disappointment.

The girl accompanied him to the door. He turned to look at her as he stepped outside, and the sight of her upturned face carried away all restraint. Before she could utter a word of protest, he took her face between his long, hard fingers and kissed her.

Her lips were moist and warm, and his head swam. He released her then.

"I quite forgot myself, Miss Howard. I'm sorry."

Her clear brown eyes were shining, and an amused smile curved the corners of the impish mouth. "I'm not sorry, Mr. Keith. You wanted to kiss me and I'm glad you did."

Keith found a jeweler in the city. He

was a little man, with a round, bald head and two tufts of white hair over each pink ear. Keith watched while he examined the emerald carefully.

The little man gave the jewel back to him. "That emerald, sir, is worth probably sixty pounds. Some men might pay as much as one hundred for it."

Keith rubbed his chin. Sixty pounds would last a long time. He noticed the jeweler studying him closely. "Of course, you understand, if you wish to sell it to me, I'll have to make a record of the sale for the local military."

Keith's eyes narrowed, "Why?"

"A lot of scoundrels on the prowl around here, sir. Escaped indentured servants from a ship recently in . . . The Governor is determined to lay hands upon these rascals."

"Yes, of course," Keith agreed hastily.

Trying to quell his rising fear, he'd put the matter of the jewel from his mind and try to find Roger.

But his efforts were in vain.

At length, as the shadows grew long in the narrow streets and the wind began to blow its bitter cold breath in from the sea, he turned back toward the Black Lion Inn.

Gooch was seated at his customary place at the fire. Keither walked over to the fire, stood for a moment in its warmth. Gooch was looking at him curiously, rubbing his clawlike hands together.

"Was yer discussion with the lady satisfactory, Mr. Keith?"

Keith's head snapped around. He felt a faint quiver of apprehension. "What are you talking about?" he growled.

Gooch shrugged his thin shoulders. "Mr. Keith, I don't know who or what ye are. But ye looked like an adventurer when I first saw ye . . . and adventurers don't come here with any money. Yet ye were mighty anxious to see a lady who, it seems, is a person of some wealth." His little eyes were pinpoints in the dried face. "Today ye were talking with a jeweler. So, appearances being what they are, it seems that ye might want to sell the lady something. D'ye see what I mean?"

"I see," snapped Keith, "that the matter is none of your damned business! Do I make myself clear?"

Gooch showed his teeth in a fanklike grin. "An innkeeper of a respectable place makes it his business to know what kind of guests he takes in, Mr. Keith . . . all the more so in this case, since a check of the passenger list of the *Larkspur* shows no passenger by the name of Edmund Keith."

In his room, Keith faced the hard, inescapable facts. Tomorrow he would have to leave this inn and the vulture who was its innkeeper. He cursed himself for an idiot. The aching longing he felt every time he looked at Esther only brought additional complications. Why must a man's romantic fancy further involve him at a time like this?

But the next day, as he went back into the city, still seeking Roger Bryant, he knew the wild excitement he felt in the girl's presence was no mere fancy. The thing was real; and he would have to find Roger and get away from this place, from Gooch, from her, from Charles Town.

As before, his search was futile. And once, as he stood in a cheap tavern, he saw half a dozen burly, gimlet-eyed men in uniform watching him.

A number of times, during his wanderings about the town, he fancied he had seen a stealthy figure following him, dodging into deeply-recessed doorways, or behind other pedestrians whenever he turned to look. Now he was certain that someone was following him. He glanced back into the shadows as he turned a corner. And his heart began to pound. A slim, dark figure had also turned. Keith stepped into the protective darkness of a doorway.

The footsteps sounded very near. And suddenly he saw the man, bent forward, glancing quickly from side to side, moving quietly. He passed the door where Keith stood. Keith saw the man's body stiffen as he turned toward the doorway. Then Keith was out, his hands circling the man's throat. He saw the gleam of a knife; his right hand shot out, seized the man's wrist and twisted sharply. There was a gasp of pain, and the knife rang upon the paving stones.

Sweat was trickling down his spine as he straightened. A muttered curse broke from him. Another form, moving swiftly, had materialized from the darkness. He leaped to one side, trying to avoid the swinging blow. It struck . . . He was dimly conscious of lying on the wet paving stones, of a shadowy form bending over him . . . then blackness.

The light rain, beating upon his face, stirred him to consciousness. As his throbbing head cleared, and memory flooded back, he pulled himself to his feet, reeled groggily from the alley. He knew even before he reached inside his shirt that the pouch with the emerald was gone.

There could be no doubt now. The men who attacked him were the two he had seen with Gooch. Whether they had acted under Gooch's orders, or on their own, didn't matter now. He had to get Esther away from that inn.

His hand touched the leather sheath at his left forearm as his strength returned, and he hurried up the hill. He saw the light from the lower front windows of the inn. And then he stopped in his tracks, his eyes stared, unbelieving. A man had come hurriedly from the front door, was walking toward him.

"Roger! Roger!" he cried.

Then it happened; a sudden gleam of light, that seemed to swing back and forth in a second-story window of the inn. Then the booming shot, the flash from a window of the old abandoned house across the road from the inn. The man walking toward Keith staggered to a stop. He bent forward. His feet shuffled on a few steps; and he threw out his hands and pitched forward.

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"Edmund . . ."

The street was silent as Keith dropped to his knees.

He saw his friend's bearded face working convulsively, saw the mouth open to speak. He bent his head close to hear the whispered words. Only a few words, before the grip on his arm relaxed, the head rolled limply against his shoulder. But they had been enough.

Keith crouched there, looking down at the still face. Something wet and sticky was under his right hand. He looked up, turned his head toward the darkened house where he had seen the flash of a pistol. He switched his gaze toward the second story window where he had seen the moving light. It was gone.

Gently he pulled Roger's body from the middle of the road and laid it against the wall of the old house. He stood up. walked warily toward the inn.

The bar-parlor was empty. But he found Esther, alone at tea in the dining room. He seized her arm, pulled her to her feet.

"Esther, listen! You've got to get away from this place."

Her eyes were wide. "But where? I . . . I don't understand," she faltered as he led her up the stairs.

"Israel Gooch is Captain Gooch, the master of the pirate ship that attacked the *Larkspur* . . . Please hurry! I'll wait for you in the hall."

They stood outside her room. She turned to him. "What are you going to do Edmund? Will you come with us?"

He shook his head. No need to tell her he couldn't go to the military police. Besides, there was something to settle with Gooch.

"You've been asking a lot of questions, Captain Gooch; now I'm going to ask some. Go on in."

Gooch's eyes bulged. Then he shrugged and went in, Keith behind him. As he entered, Keith noticed several things. The two windows facing the road had their shutters open. Their was a lighted lantern on a small table near one of the windows. There was no light from the house across the road.

"Ye look as though ye had some kind of trouble, Mr. Keith," gasped Gooch.

"A little. Two men followed me a short while ago, and attacked me. Can you tell me why?"

Gooch's face wrinkled in a malicious grin. "And how could I know about that?"

Keith walked toward him. "I've another question, Gooch. I saw a good friend outside this inn a few minutes ago. I think he was going to tell me something. But a lantern was swinging in this window, and then he was shot and killed by someone in that house over there. Why Gooch?"

Gooch drew back. His hand suddenly dipped inside his breast pocket. But Keith's right fist cracked into his nose.

"Talk, Gooch! Was my friend killed because he knew too much about you? Talk, before I crack your dirty neck!"

Gooch squirmed.

"Talk, Gooch!" Keith increased the pressure. Then he was conscious of sounds behind him. Before he could turn, he felt the hard muzzle of a pistol in his back.

"Let him go," rumbled Sarcone's voice.

Keith released Gooch, stepped back.

"Bring the ladies in here, Sarcone," he wheezed, taking Sarcone's pistol and holding it on Keith.

Keith stood motionless as Sarcone left the room. Gooch smiled thinly. "Now, Mr. Keith, I'll answer yer questions . . . as soon as they're here. Don't move yer hands . . . understand?"

"They have no part in this!" cried Keith.

"I think they do, Mr. Keith; at least, the pretty one."

After slow, interminable minutes, Sarcone was back, pushing the two women in ahead of him.

Gooch handed the pistol to Sarcone. Keith stood in the center of the room, with Gooch slightly to his right, and Sarcone standing with his back to the door.

"Now, Mr. Keith," Gooch began, "I know what ye are . . . an indentured servant . . ." He took the pouch from his pocket, rubbed a thumb over it. "Perhaps the lady wouldn't want to buy stolen property . . . he! he! he! And ye're right . . . yer friend knew too much about me. I found it best to leave this place . . . so I've sold the inn, and will move on . . . but not with empty pockets." He glanced at Esther.

Keith was silent. He was looking at the girl's white face.

"I knew you were not a passenger, Edmund," she said softly. "I saw you among those other poor, miserable creatures they brought aboard and I knew then that you were not really one of them. It doesn't matter how you came to be there . . ."

Keith said nothing. He was wondering about the two men who had followed him. One of them might be around the inn somewhere, nursing a sore head. The other . . . He looked out the window toward the dark house. A frozen lump was in his chest as he thought of the still form lying at the edge of the road.

Gooch put the jewel into his pocket, rubbed his dried hands together. A grin wrinkled the parchment skin stretched over his cheekbones. "Y'know, Mr Keith, I'll give ye a sporting chance . . . I'll give ye the night's start before the soldiers come. Maybe ye can get away in the swamps before they catch ye."

"Thank you, Gooch. How much start do you need?"

"Don't worry about me, m'lad. The lady there'll be my guarantee of a safe departure."

He walked over to his bed, took from the wall an object Keith had not noticed before. It was a rawhide lash with metal bits at the ends. He flicked it a couple of times then turned toward the girl.

"Now, dear lady, tell me where yer valuables are. Y're bound to have some; a lady who's interested in buying rare gems must have plenty of money . . ."

The aunt looked as though she might

faint. Esther lifted her skirts as though she would rise and run. Keith, glancing at Sarcone, saw the man's stupid face brighten as he stared at her shapely ankles.

"I'd hate to use this whip," Gooch was purring. "'Twould be a shame to mark up such pretty flesh."

Keith saw the girl glance at him. Then she shifted slightly in her chair, lifted her skirt higher, exposing one silken, delectable leg above the knee. Sarcone's eyes bulged, his loose mouth dropped open like a slavering beast's. His barrel chest was beginning to heave and the heavy pistol wavered in his grasp.

"Can ye make her talk, Keith?" grinned Gooch. "I know ye wouldn't want me to mar her soft body . . ."

Keith's hand moved then. His right hand flashed inside his left sleeve. The knife whipped out as he spun toward Sarcone. He saw Sarcone's gun hand jerk up as he flung the knife in a gleaming arc.

"Run, Esther!" he shouted.

Sarcone's pistol thundered, and Keith felt the shock of the sharp blow that thumped into his left hip, sent him to his knees. Sarcone's big body sagged, fell away from the door. The knife was hilt-deep beneath his breastbone.

Keith set his teeth as he tried to get up. Ribbons of fire that raced through his legs were making his head swim. He saw Gooch standing over him, his whip raised. Then Gooch whirled away as Esther broke for the door. She had it open and was out before Gooch could reach her.

Keith was close to the glowing lantern near the window. His shaking left hand reached out, caught up the lantern. Leaning from the window, his right hand clutching to the sill, he waved the lantern back and forth.

He looked below. There was Gooch's bent figure, bounding down the road, after the girl who had gone into the darkness. Then it broke from the dark house across the road—the flash of flame, the spiteful crack of the pistol. And Gooch jerked to a stop, his arms flailing the air. He screamed, staggered a few steps, lurched forward and fell heavily upon his face.

A grin of satisfaction broke over Keith's sweat-streaked face as blackness, and merciful unconsciousness closed in.

The bed was soft, like a billowy cloud. He looked with dull, disinterested eyes at the genial face of the doctor who bent over him. His left leg felt half the size of the bed, and the doctor's words were ironically empty . . . "You'll be up and about in a few weeks, young man."

A few weeks . . . Ah, well, what did it matter? He heaved a deep sigh as the doctor left the room. His eyes roved about and then widened. There was Esther standing at his side, radiant, smiling.

He shifted his gaze back toward the door as it opened and a stiff young man in a lieutenant's uniform strode briskly toward the bed.

Keith pulled himself up against the pillows. With cold eyes he regarded the lean, impervious face of the officer. He was holding something out toward the wounded man, and Keith saw it was the emerald brooch.

Keith shook his head, and looked at Esther. "Give it to her, lieutenant. The thing has brought me no good luck . . . save the privilege of knowing her briefly. Please accept it, Miss Howard . . . as a gift, from a vagabond to a very beautiful lady."

Her brown eyes were shining. "Thank you, Mr. Keith."

He looked at her; and the old excitement was stirring in him again. "Please leave now; both of you . . . and let me ponder upon my most interesting future."

"No," said Esther firmly. "I'm not leaving."

"Listen to me," he said with some heat. "I'm a lawyer . . . or was . . . and I know the law. I was imprisoned for debt in England. With others, I was sent to this colony as an indentured servant, to work off my unpaid obligations . . . Do you understand?" His voice rose. He wished she wouldn't keep staring at him with that devilish light in her eyes. "As soon as this hip heals, I'll be auctioned, sold, like a work animal, to whomever likes my muscles and sound teeth! That means five years, perhaps longer, of servitude . . . now, do you understand?

She folded her hands, looked down. "Yes, Mr. Keith," she said demurely.

Keith grunted. She was completely exasperating. He looked appealingly at the lieutenant. "Can't you take her out of here?" he begged.

The officer stroked his smooth chin and smiled. "No, I'm afraid not, sir. You see, the lady has . . . er . . . purchased you . . ." he loked desperately at Esther for help . . . "and . . . er . . . well, the matter's in her hands now. She can free you, according to the law, at her own discretion. Besides," he added firmly, "you've rendered some considerable service to the Crown, you know, in removing a very dangerous and troublesome pirate. The Governor of Charles Town is not an ungrateful man."

The officer straightened, turned and walking quickly, went to the door. He gave a smart salute, and was gone.

Keith found himself speechless. He saw that Esther had pinned the emerald brooch at her bosom. Its greenish light glowed happily there.

"You . . . you little imp of Satan . . ." he gasped. "You bought me . . . you . . ." Words failed him.

"Yes. I liked your muscles and sound teeth . . . and for much longer than five years."

And then light and warmth bubbled in his chest. "Perhaps . . ." He rose on one elbow, smiled at her. "Perhaps Charles Town could use a willing young lawyer, Miss Howard?"

Her bright laughter rippled out. "I'm quite sure of it, Mr. Keith." ■■

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BAD GIRLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

It was about 1:40 A.M., August 29, 1954 when the girl with her baby of about three months showed up at Midtown Police Station, Centre City. Her clothes were cheap and she looked neglected.

Her brave show of lipstick and rouge did not conceal her pallor, and there were dark circles under her blue eyes. Her blonde hair needed washing, and she appeared apathetic. She looked like a cheap floozie, but there was also something intangibly different about her; she did not seem "hard" and she appeared more frightened and discouraged than defiant.

Her story to the desk officer was commonplace enough. She was an unwed mother and this was her baby. She had arrived in Centre City at about 9:30 that evening to see a "friend" who owned an apartment house and had promised to let her stay there in a small apartment. On arrival she had telephoned the "friend," but he seemed to have lost interest in letting her use the apartment until she gave him a "definite answer" about something he had in mind.

She wanted to get a job in Centre City and hoped the relief people would help out until she got settled.

The desk officer took in all this, deadpan. He was sure the girl was telling as many lies as truths. "Maybe you'd better talk to the lieutenant," he suggested.

The girl was escorted to the record room where the lieutenant took down her story. Since no girl even remotely resembling her was wanted on any charge, and because she seemed anxious to straighten out the present mess she was in, he did not challenge details he suspected were lies or evasions, and he did not try to get her to divulge more than she cared to reveal. Although she appeared to be of Slavic decent, she gave her name as Gloria Eileen O'Brien—age twenty-four. She said her birthplace was Median City; that her parents had died when she was very young, and she had been raised by an uncle and aunt on her father's side. She also had an aunt and uncle in Centre City, had lived at various times with them, and had attended high school in Centre City.

One year previously, while staying in Median City, she had met the father of her child. Rather cryptically, the record states, she said: "We planned to marry, *but he got into trouble and got sent away.*" (Italics are author's.)

The record does not say what the trouble was.

Apparently because of pride, Gloria then went to Little City where she had her baby. She named the baby Anne.

The lieutenant telephoned a cheap but respectable hotel and the manager agreed to take in Gloria and her baby for the night at the special rate of $2.50.

In the lieutenant's report appears this illuminating comment: "Gloria talked like a person who knew her way around."

The next day the police heard no word from Gloria. Nor did any other municipal agency. It was the same the day after that. Then, on September 1st the Centre City police received a telephone call from Median City. The caller said she was Mrs. George Hess, Gloria's aunt.

"Gloria went to Centre City to meet a man she is crazy about," she volunteered. She knew neither the name nor the address and telephone number and asked that Gloria, when located, be urged to "call her at once."

Gloria had checked out of the hotel, leaving no forwarding address.

Four more days passed, then on September 6th a Mrs. Albert Jones phoned police, saying that on the 4th a woman unknown to her by name, asked her to care for her baby for a few hours. She had not returned—and Mrs. Jones still had the baby. Mrs. Jones had gone through the infant's belongings and found a Hospital Aid Service statement made out in the name of Gloria E. Kramarcyk.

By this time a small file was beginning to accumulate on the missing Gloria O'Brien (alias Kramarcyk) and her infant. Detective James Murray was sent out to Mrs. Jones' address. It was an address the police knew well—1472 East 19th Street; a decrepit brick apartment house. The area had more than its quota of cheap taverns and poolrooms, and prostitution flourished *sub rosa.*

"Try to get the mother's name and address," Murray told Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones agreed to cooperate. Detective Murray took the child to Municipal Hospital where it was given a physical examination, then sent on to a foster home.

The next day a man who gave his name as Jack Edmonds called up in righteous indignation and said, "Gloria O'Brien wants her baby which you have got, and she wants it right away. She left her with Mrs. Jones."

When the detective who took the call patiently inquired: "Why did she stretch 'a few hours' into three days?" Jack Edmonds explained:

"She had to go out of town to get some clothes and it took longer than she expected since the people she had left them with were away." Then, apparently becoming alarmed that the call was being traced he abruptly hung up.

Detective Murray went out to the address given by Edmonds. There was no

such street number, and no one knew anything about Jack Edmonds, Gloria O'Brien or Gloria Kramarcyk.

Next, Murray went to 1472 East 19th Street and talked with Mrs. Jones. She was in a boiling rage. "The mother of Anne and her boy friend came here this morning to get the baby," she said. "When I told them I had turned Anne over to the police they bawled me. She said she'd been delayed because the Median City police locked her up when she went to get her clothes."

Two days later, September 9th, the Women's Bureau discussed the problem of filing charges against Gloria O'Brien for abandoning her baby, Anne. The police in Median City were called and requested to question Mrs. Hess about Gloria's family.

On September 10th the Median City police reported that Gloria's correct name was Kramarcyk; that Gloria was on probation to Juvenile Court in Median City involved in a stolen car case with Anthony Russo, the father of her child. Anthony, currently, was in a reformatory.

Mrs. Hess said Gloria had gone to Centre City to live with a man named Jesse Edwards whose legal wife was probably in either Centre City or Little City. Gloria's birth date was July 14, 1936, which made her only a little over eighteen, considerably younger than the twenty-four she had professed to be.

Later that same day Detective Murray went into consultation with Juvenile Court officials. He filed a statement charging that Anne Kramarcyk was a neglected child, and that the mother—Gloria Kramarcyk, alias O'Brien—had contributed to her neglect. A warrant for Gloria's arrest was issued.

On September 16, another woman entered the tangled picture—Mrs. Jesse Edwards. She appeared at the Women's Bureau, spitting with rage.

"My husband met that Gloria O'Brien right here in Centre City," she declared. "And what's more, he met her in a brothel! And he went nuts over her. He lit out with her for Little City where they lived together. Just a couple of love-bugs.

"Then he had the gall to take me down to Little City and set me up in the same house with her! When I made a fuss, he brought me back here. He said Gloria went away. But I know she's here, and that he's still seeing her!"

Mrs. Edwards—whose first name was Grace—said she and her husband lived on East 21st Street. Detective Murray noted that the address she gave was not far from Mrs. Jones' place.

"How do you know your husband is still seeing Gloria?" Murray asked.

"Because I followed them, that's why!"

They drove out to an apartment house on East 27th Street. It was within easy walking distance of the phony address "Jack Edmonds" had given when he called headquarters. It struck Murray that there was considerable phonetic similarity between the two names, Jack Edmonds and Jesse Edwards.

Then the drudgery so typical of police work began. A second police car was summoned to stand by on a side street. Mrs. Edwards—deathly afraid of being seen by either her husband or Gloria—waited in the car.

Detective Murray and a policewoman he had called went through the building, apartment by apartment, ringing doorbells. Insofar as Gloria O'Brien and Jesse Edwards were concerned they drew complete blanks.

Two weeks went by during which time Gloria might have been at the bottom of the river, for all that was heard of her. On September 30th the Juvenile Court hearing was held as per schedule, with neither Gloria nor her daughter present.

The court accepted an offer of the County Department of Welfare to accept the infant for ultimate placement in a private home. Action on this was ordered delayed, however, in the hope that Gloria might be located.

Nothing of importance occurred through October.

In the first week of November the case broke wide open when a man, giving his name as Arthur Chapin but declining to give his address, phoned the police.

The missing Gloria was a friend of his niece, and had visited his niece at her home in Friendly City. He hinted that Gloria might be implicated "in a homicide when a man beat his wife to death in an insurance building." He said he thought he could get that man's car license—then hung up abruptly.

Later on this same day Chapin phoned again, stated that the car was a 1949 black convertible Ford and gave the license number.

The police checked the license both locally and with Capital City and found that there was no such series listed. But who was Chapin?

On November 4th Detective Murray checked tenants at the address on East 28th Street which had appeared on Gloria E. Kramarcyk's Hospital Aid Service statement. It was rather a forlorn hope, since Gloria had been reported from many addresses since then. But Murray struck pay dirt.

One of the people replying to his telephone check of numbers at this address admitted promptly that he was the "Chapin" who had phoned police the day before. He said that he wanted Gloria found, but that he also wanted to stay clear of the mess personally.

He went on to say that Gloria had been living with a man named Jesse, the last he had heard of her. The car license he had given police was Jesse's. When Murray told Chapin that there was no such license series he seemed confused, said the car might be a 1947 instead of a 1949 Ford, and suggested trying various other series. He added that he had heard Gloria "was involved in narcotics."

From all this it appeared likely that Chapin, and probably others, had a much better knowledge of where Gloria might be than they were ready to reveal.

What made the investigation the more difficult was that—as a check of all agencies revealed — no authorities wanted Jesse or Grace Edwards, while Gloria

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was sought only by the Women's Bureau and Juvenile Court. Homicide reported that there had been a killing of a woman they strongly suspected had been the work of her husband, but they couldn't prove it. They would send Detective Wilson to check Murray's information. The address where the killing had occurred didn't fit any of those connected with Gloria or her possible associates.

From a whole whirlwind of telephone calls, one interesting point developed: A call to the number given by Mrs. Jesse Edwards brought a woman to the phone who said she was Jesse's mother. She said that Jesse and Grace Edwards had been living with her, but that they had recently moved out and she didn't know where they had gone.

A check revealed that Grace Edwards had failed to supply a change of address notification to the post office. However, the call to her mother-in-law brought quick action. Within a very few moments Grace phoned in, giving a new address—this time on East 27th Street.

However, she said, Jesse was not living with her at the moment. She explained that he received what she called "soldier's relief." She added that Jesse had received his check a couple of days before. Yesterday he had beaten her up and walked out.

Grace was asked if she knew anything about Jesse's automobile. She said Jesse didn't own an automobile, but drove "a friend's car."

Three days later, on November 7th, Grace telephoned in the information that Gloria was living in a furnished room at 1217 East 34th Street.

With a policewoman, Detective Murray drove to the 34th Street address, an incredibly shabby rooming house.

Murray knocked on the door Mrs. Edwards had indicated. There was a rustling inside and then the door opened a few inches to reveal a blonde girl with haggard blue eyes. She did not appear particularly frightened or even interested.

"There ain't no Gloria O'Brien here," she replied huskily.

The tiny room was utterly drab, poverty-ridden.

"You're Gloria O'Brien, aren't you?" Murray asked.

She sat down on the swaybacked bed and stared at nothing. "Okay, so I'm Gloria. So what? I ain't done nothing wrong."

"How do you support yourself? Where do you work?"

Gloria looked perplexed, then she brightened. "I worked back in Median City where I come from. I haven't had a job here, but I got an income tax return check. I been living on that."

Murray said, "Get your things together. We're taking you to headquarters. You have an abandoned baby to account for."

The following day various interested agencies were notified of Gloria's detention. A Juvenile Court hearing was set for November 17th. Detective Wilson of Homicide questioned Gloria and formed the opinion that her knowledge of any homicide was merely idle rumor. The police report on this activity reads:

"Gloria indicates she has had a very unhappy, unstable life. She is apathetic, looks underweight and frail. She wants her baby, but has no means of supporting herself and child. She has had no job training and was a poor student. She denies prostituting, but admits she has witnessed procurement methods. Informed her she is free to place her child for adoption, but that the decision to do so must be hers."

Gloria was now booked for the neglect of a minor.

On the 17th, the matter of Gloria Kramarcyk (alias O'Brien) was continued to permit her psychiatric examination. She stated that she was willing to reveal what she knew of persons engaged in procurement. The court requested that the Vice Squad follow up on this.

Two days later Murray took Gloria from the County Jail to the office of Lieutenant Foley of the Vice Squad. She talked freely and asserted that shortly after she became pregnant, in November of 1953, she left her relatives in Median City and came to Center City, hoping to lose herself in the anonymity of the larger town. At the bus terminal in Center City a man who was a stranger to her engaged her in conversation (she was a bit vague about how it began), and expressed sympathy about her plight. He told her his name was Charles Brown, that he owned an apartment house and that she could work for him as his housekeeper. She accepted, and went to an apartment house at 1472 East 19th Street.

The story of what transpired now is best gathered from the following excerpts from police reports, stark and abbreviated as they are:

"She soon noticed people coming into the house for liquor purchases, girls and dice games. Another man named Tiny Lewis, now moved to parts unknown, apparently was Brown's assistant.

Others who worked for Brown at 1472 East 19th Street were: Big Sue, a red-headed girl from the Elite Hotel, who commented on having a working arrangement with an elevator operator at the hotel, several other girls, names unknown, and Merna. These people cannot be better identified and have since left for parts known.

"In 1953 Gloria did not have relations with Brown, but he asked her to work for him, which she refused to do because of her pregnancy and he did not press her. She left Brown after about three weeks, and left Centre City. Her baby was born in Little City on May 5, 1954."

As a result of Gloria's statements, Lieutenant Foley's men raided Brown's apartment on the third floor at 1472 East 19th Street and "arrested Charles Brown, fifty-two, for investigation for pandering, and Ellen Moore, forty, and Thelma Reed, thirty-four, for investigation. Both of these women admitted working for Brown, confronted him separately and, gave accounts of their activities."

Gloria now gave the police a complete rundown on her return to Center City on August 29th. It appears that after her curt reception by Brown on this

second trip, and her overnight stay at the cheap hotel, arranged by the police, she went back the following evening to the bus station and this time Brown met her.

Again he took her to 1472 East 19th Street with a similar offer of assistance as housekeeper. The police condensation of her statement continues:

"This second time Brown again asked her to work for him, and again she refused although she engaged in relations with Brown. When he asked her a second time to work for him she refused. He told her she must leave. During the four or five days she was in Brown's house she observed the same activities as before, and mentioned two girls—Ellen Moore and Thelma Reed . . . ."

On November 11th Charles Brown was indicted by the Grand Jury and sentenced to the Penitentiary on February 25th.

Ellen Moore and Thelma Reed were given sentences of sixty days, suspended, placed on one year's probation, and required to pay the costs of their trials.

The final report concerning Gloria Kramarcyk was prepared by Detective Murray as follows:

"While she claims she wants her baby, each social worker in turn, commented on Gloria's lack of moral feeling regarding the prostitution situation she knows so well, and her lack of maternal feeling.

"Judge Werten found her guilty of neglect of a minor, suspended a one-year workhouse sentence, and placed her on probation to Mrs. Schmidt of Women's Bureau.

"Gloria told Mrs. Schmidt that if she had been let out of County Jail she would have left town and not appeared for this hearing. Concensus is that Gloria will vanish and leave her child for the municipality to support, and that she is too unstable emotionally ever to provide properly for the child."

Reading between the lines, it is easy to understand how Gloria was able to vanish and stay vanished for so long. Quite a few people knew where she was at various times, and some of them aided her. But there was a general reluctance to "turn her in" to the police or to become involved, personally, in a situation which might turn out to be extremely nasty if not vicious.

In a sense, Gloria was lucky. Girls have started out much as she did, and have also vanished, never to be found alive.

Gloria at least lived.

From start to finish the work done by the authorities was thorough, understanding, tolerant, and kind. In five representative cities, they proved themselves commendable public servants. ■■

DAWN IS FOR DYING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

edge of impatience grated his ordinarily pleasant voice, "Look here, I'm busy. I don't care what you may feel like calling this person, but you'll have to say it in halfway respectable words."

The customer regarded him solemnly. "Do you mean—I can't call her a cheating little tramp?"

"Not over these wires."

The rummy sighed, looked at Slade as Caesar must have looked at Brutus. "Okay—since man cannot bolster man, his marvels to perform, I'll write 'nother. Gimme." He grasped the pencil and pad and hunched over behind the teletype machine, where presently came sounds of intermittent composition.

Slade shrugged. The old goat had been in the last three evenings, pulling the same line each night. If past performances were any criterion, he'd cogitate an hour over his little billet doux, then shuffle out without sending the wire. Slade dismissed the character from his mind, and as he did so the lines of worry were intensified on his forehead and between his eyes.

A week ago Bob Slade considered himself a lucky man, all things considered. A steady job, a little money in the bank, a nice place in the suburbs. And when, in addition, a fellow could go home at night to the best girl you could find anywhere — Slade considered himself lucky.

But this week brought up the matter of his note. How easy it had been two years ago to send Mollie West that summer her lungs were getting ragged. Wentworth at the First National had radiated smiles and cooperation. Just the formality of a small note, and as for renewals—his airy gesture had waved such subjects into the limbo of unimportant trifles.

Now, two years later, Wentworth wasn't smiling any more, and he made no airy gestures. "Sorry, Slade, but—well, you'll have to meet your principal this trip or default."

Slade had stormed out of the bank. Then, ragged after a day's work and worry, he had carried his grievances, with typical male cussedness, into his home life.

Mollie was a girl who'd take a wallop from Fate and come up smiling. He should have let her take it on the chin with him; together they would have found a way out, as they always had. Instead, he nursed his worry alone, found petty solace in grouchy criticism.

Mollie had been hurt badly. She didn't say much; she wasn't that sort. Just took it in a surprised silence, for three days and nights, and part of the fourth. But when Bob Slade came home that evening, a little sheepish, and with a two-pound

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box of her favorite candy under his arm, Mollie was gone. Where, he did not know. He did know, however, that without her to come home to at night the daily grind was a pretty miserable business. He knew, too, that he had to find her and square himself.

Such was the state of affairs this evening, when Slade dismissed the rummy from his mind and hunched in weary solitude over the chores of dispatching late press flashes to the Boston dailies. It was tedious work at best; tonight it was unbearably dull. When he finally finished and blinked up at the clock near the light, he discovered with no little surprise that not only had the rummy departed, but a stranger was sitting on the edge of the counter. The newcomer swung one elegantly tailored leg in aimless arcs, watching Slade with a cold smile.

Slade rose to his feet. The stranger indolently followed his example. "Closing time?" Slade nodded.

The other man's eyes shifted to the dispatches in the thin steel shelf of the teletype. "I'll not keep you long. I just saw you transmit to the Beacon Corporation about Parkin's oil test. I think you had better wire to Boston to hold it up for verification. It's wrong."

"Sorry—that's not my affair," Slade said. "It's Roger Parkin's headache. And just what concern is it of yours?"

The visitor moved; the desk light caught his features, threw them into sharp relief. His dark eyes stared flatly at Slade. "Suppose I showed you papers that'd prove you were wrong, would you do your friend Parkin a favor—and mebbe yourself?"

Slade scratched his head. "That's a new one." He hesitated. "I might stop the wire if Parkin pulled a boner. He's a friend of mine—yes."

The visitor smiled. He drew out a sealed envelope, threw it on the table.

Bob Slade picked it up, broke the seal, and gasped. The message contained not one note but an even twenty. They were penned by Uncle Sam, and their denominations were one hundred dollars each. Slade felt anger lash through him. Then suddenly apprehension merged with that anger. For the visitor pointed significantly to a bulge in his right coat pocket. Slade let his hands fall to his sides.

The visitor grunted in satisfaction. "Very wise." He made a menacing little movement of his coat flap. "Lock that door, punk." He watched Slade click the latch, then motioned him to the desk so that they both were screened from the street by an overhanging chart. 'Sit down, punk." Slade sat.

The visitor grinned. "You sure muffed that chance for some easy dough." Suddenly he started. "How long before that message will be delivered?"

"About five minutes, maybe less." Slade laughed at him. "You can't stop it if you cut me in little pieces!"

The gunman smiled easily. "But *you* will stop it—or that baby-faced doll of yours'll do a lot of more yelling than she's doing right now, I'll see to that!"

Slade stared incredulously.

The gunman casually tossed a rumpled ball of cloth on the counter. It was Mollie's handkerchief.

Color drained from Slade's face.

"Get on the ball, punk. I'd hate to leave any doll of mine long with the man who's got yours."

Slade moved like a man in a daze to the teletype. Three bells. "Bos OK"—his fingers formed the familiar code on the keys in dumb automatism. Mollie—his Mollie—frightened—a prisoner. She *had* stayed by him—! One bell. "G.A. Eastern. How's biz—" the tape clicked in brief jerks. That would be Al Sault high up over Congress Street in Boston—he always tagged snatches of wise cracks at the end of his code. Slade hunched over the keys. "Hold wire from Parkin's oil for confirmation—Hold Parkin's wire—verify and repeat." Something cold prodded into the nape of his neck as he waited. The gunman leaned over him to watch the tape. The machine clicked and both men watched tensely. "Eastern OK—Eastern OK—Parkin's wire held up—You're slipping—Boston."

Slade sighed. Something hit him behind the ear. The lights and the machines and reality blazed into a red stabbing flash which kaleidoscoped swiftly into black oblivion. . . .

Slade opened one eye with an effort, wearily let the heavy lid close. From the back of his skull sharp barbs of pain jabbed in agonizing rhythm to the periodic joltings of his body. Weakly he attempted to explore the tender spot but his arm refused to obey the sensory impulse. Queer, that. He blinked both eyes this time, twisted his head with an effort. As if by magic the forked pain disappeared into a dull ache. He was lying flat on his back in the rear of a car. His arms and legs were trussed in a most workmanlike fashion. He raised his eyes, saw the fitful glow of a cigar casting brief flashes of visibility on a face he had never seen before. While he watched, the cigar glowed brightly as the man behind it spoke. "Terry, he's beginning to move."

The voice in the driver's seat belonged to the lean gunman. "If he gets funny, kick his teeth in."

They rode along in silence broken only by brake squeals, the roar of the night wind and the purr of the powerful motor. Suddenly, the box toe against Slade's jaw was rudely snatched away. In the same moment the less comfortable heel of the same shoe plopped him beside the ear, as its owner whirled around to look out the rear window.

"Terry, looks like a car on our heels."

"We'll soon see," Terry grunted. The engine's rhythm climbed to a sharp whining crescendo. From behind them in the blackness came a steady hum gradually growing in intensity.

Down on the floor, Slade pondered this new development. The whole thing began to assume more and more the aspect of a weird nightmare. No one would miss him, give the alarm at home if he failed to put in an appearance. No one but Mollie. And Mollie was—God knew where.

From the road behind them came a

series of staccato pops. There was a metallic ping as a bullet hit the car. Terry reached for the switch, and the car lights blotted out.

From the front Terry laughed harshly. "They're crying for it, Al."

Above Slade's head came a rapid rat-a-tat. Al's leg muscles vibrated with the volley. For perhaps ten seconds the erratic intermezzo of leaden hail barked into the night, then was silent. Slade heard Al yell, "A short trip to hell to you, sucker!" The car swerved crazily off the smooth macadam and lurched to a stop. The pursuing car hurtled past them, crashed into a tree and burst into a sudden blazing pyre.

Terry and Al jumped from the car. Their heavy footsteps crunched toward the distant blaze. Slade strained every aching sinew to gain a sitting position, but the knots had been drawn with cruel force. As he flopped back to the floor he heard running footsteps. They were slower, jerkier this time. As they drew closer they were punctuated with gasps as though Terry and Al were bearing a heavy burden.

Al said, "Tossed twenty feet outa the car. Dead, I guess. Why the devil can't we toss him in the bonfire?"

Terry cut in with chill finality, "I'm doing the thinking here, bub. Chuck him in the car. Maybe we'll get the lowdown on why he chased us. If he comes to—he'll talk."

Slade had a confused flash of something blotting out the flames of the burning car before a heavy limp weight crashed full on his chest and rolled over to the floor beside him.

The ride was the most hideous Slade had ever experienced. The limp form half crushed him as it rocked back and forth. Once the movement of the car brought the unconscious man's head in contact with Slade's hand, and when the head jolted away again something warm and sticky ran between Slade's fingers.

Terry and Al were talking about "the boss." He was with Mollie now. There seemed to be some conflict of opinion as to whether he, Slade, should be bumped off before "the boss" could see him. They seemed to regard this third person with a strange mixture of awe and contempt. Al referred to him as a big shot. Terry said, in his opinion, the guy was yellow.

Terry ruled, "The boss may want to question Slade first. We gotta pull this off right. Afterwards—" He said something which the wind blotted out. Al grunted with satisfaction.

Somehow, Slade was glad he didn't hear that unfinished sentence. He felt his tongue go dry. Whatever happened, he was to die. As to why—he had no idea.

The bloody hand of the man beside him brushed Slade's cheek. One finger pushed the nape of his neck. Slade ducked his head away with a shudder. As the car lurched, the hand seemed to follow him with malicious perversity, to grope that same spot just above his collar, and tap—weakly, lightly.

Even as he broke out in a cold sweat, some tiny corner of his mind strove to

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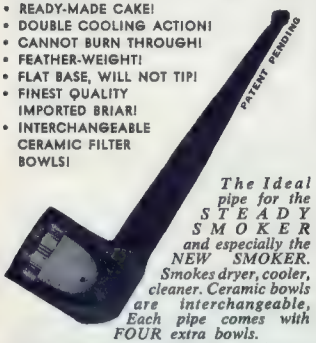

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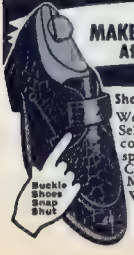

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tell him that somewhere, somehow, he had gone through part of this ghastly game of hide and seek before, only it hadn't been terrible, then, only monotonous. It was crazy, yet the idea persisted. Suddenly he knew. The fingers were tapping Morse code! He strove to follow the wavering message.

"Turn over—I'll loosen the knots." Then the man could not be as badly hurt as the gunman had believed. Slade managed to twist his body part way around. The finger left his neck, fumbled and tugged for an interminable period with the cords which bit into his wrists and ankles. At last came the excruciating agony of feeling to the numbed limbs. For a interval he clenched and unclenched his fingers, felt the blood force its path through starved veins. The finger found his neck again. "Shall we try a break now?" Slade's hands still were not capable of sending a message. He rotated his foot against the other's leg. "They've got my wife," the foot spelled out.

There was a short interval, then the stranger replied, "Okay, I'm with you. Pull your arms free when the time comes."

At about that moment the car, which had left the main road, came to a halt. Terry's companion pulled Slade out upon the ground by one foot and slung him over a burly shoulder.

They were deep in the woods, and from the blackness came the unmistakable tang of the salt sea. The Essex marshlands, probably. Certainly the hut which they were entering was of a piece with similar hunting camps which dotted that particular section of the North Shore. Terry followed, bearing the other prisoner whose eyes were closed.

Within the shack was a man and a girl. The girl was trussed like a mummy, and what had been her dress was ripped into grimy pennants which flopped loosely as she strained at her bonds, but the eyes were Mollie's. Slade saw them widen in horror as they found him, and then they closed, as the form went slack.

The "boss" watched Mollie nervously. Slade stared. For he had played golf with that man, had drunk with him, gone to lodge in his car. It was Roger Parkin, general manager of the Beacon Oil Company. And the wire which Terry had forced him to stop had been signed by Parkin. It didn't seem to make sense, somehow. If Terry wanted the wire stopped, why should Parkin, who sent it, be sitting in on the deal?

Parkin wheeled on Terry now, and his pursy little face mirrored anxiety and vexation. "You dumb ape," he shouted, "Why in hell did you bring that man here? He knows me!"

Terry laughed. "And what if he does? He's not going any place—ever."

Parkin said, "I wish I had never gotten into this mess."

Terry's face held a look of disgust. "Peel the hide off a big shot—you'll always find plenty of yellow underneath." He wheeled around to Al who kept a diplomatic silence. "Well, you are in this mess, pal—in for the payoff. This smart guy and his doll have got to die."

In the dingy half light of the far corner, the other prisoner sprawled helplessly. As the men argued, however, the form seemed to move ever so slightly. Slade blinked, watched steadily. Yes, with an ifinitesimal series of barely discernible evolutions, the body had hunched an inch along the rough boards. Slade felt the pulse of suspense tighten about his throat. It was mad. A single betraying gesture would bring the pack snarling at their throats. Then he saw what the other man was trying to do.

About ten inches from an outflung, bloodstained hand the light socket protruded from the wall. Terry's restless eyes had stopped abruptly, suspiciously, at the sight of a twitching hand which had not relaxed quite soon enough. He squinted, strode softly across the room.

Slade started to leap, then stiffened.

". . . Now this might be a little uncomfortable . . ."

Better to divert Terry's attention for a moment from that stealthy parade. He cleared his throat. "Hey, Terry." Terry looked back, annoyed. "Let Mollie go. I'll tear you apart if I ever get my hands free." He shuffled his feet to cover the sound of the rope falling free behind him.

Terry sprang—and the room was plunged into darkness. Slade, purely by instinct, rolled directly toward the center of the floor, felt a heavy foot stumble across his whirling hips and a man trip over him and fall with a grunt on the spot he had just vacated. A split-second later Terry's gun belched. Behind Slade a man screamed horribly. Terry's gun thudded to the floor as Slade got to his feet. Suddenly there came a sharp crack, as though a dry twig had snapped. Another man screamed and the voice was Terry's. Slade ran in the general direction of the light socket, careened heavily against a wiry form, which recoiled with a sound that was part grunt and part sob. Then the other man was upon him with knees and clawing hands, gouging and tearing like a maddened animal. Slade felt the exquisite joy of action blot out the pain.

He felt the blood pour down his chin as his teeth clove through his battered lower lip, and not until later did he know that it was his blood. He only knew that his hands, which had been numbed for so long, were squeezing something which writhed and swelled beneath his fingers, that the blows which rained in his face slackened, wavered and ceased. And finally, that the other man was being held upright by Slade's fingers which encircled his throat. Slowly, as though awakening from a nightmare, he loosed his grasp, and the body slid to the floor. Then he ran once more to the light socket.

He pressed the prongs home, and sudden radiance bathed the room.

The place was a shambles. In the spot where they had thrown him, the body of Terry's playmate sprawled, eminently and adequately perforated by the multiple leaden death hail which had been intended for Slade. Roger Parkin lay in the center of the room, his face a blue, swollen mask, his blue tongue protruding. Around his neck were red weals with the shape of human fingers.

In the far corner, near Mollie, was Terry—a whimpering creature whose right elbow, bizarrely askew, bent at an angle at which no elbow was designed to bend. Beside him, kneeling as though to protect Mollie was the stranger.

He turned his head as Slade reached his side, and his white teeth showed through the blood and the grease. "Your wife's okay," he said, and for the second time that night Slade blanked out.

With dogged stubborness Slade climbed back a painful uphill road to consciousness. It was getting to be a habit, this awakening to the purr of a motor. Every muscle in his body ached. Then he became aware of two soft arms which pillowed his head from the bumps, and a husky voice whispering in his ear that everything was all right—and that reward money for Terry would take care of paying off the note to the bank.

Slade sat up, put his arm around Mollie, and began to take an interest in things. They were returning over the Essex road, in Terry's car, only the man who guided the wheel wasn't Terry, but a decidedly battered individual whose face was vaguely familiar. The man turned, and Slade recognized the erstwhile "corpse," minus the gore and the blank expression and the sticky fingers. Detective Wallace Austin, he introduced himself, and proceeded to explain.

"You see," Austin commented, above the sweep of the wind, "Parkin's outfit was a subsidiary of the Rolph Oil Interests, and had been a sort of white elephant on their hands for years. And so, when out of a clear sky another combine offered Rolph two million dollars for the said Parkin's outfit, old man Rolph lost no time in arranging a conference to close the deal—scheduled for tomorrow.

"But, being naturally of the belief that something smelled funny, Rolph decided to find out why anyone would be sucker enough to pay good money for Parkin's little parcel of red ink. So he sent me down to Eastern for the lowdown. To make a long story short, I got it."

"And that wire they made me hold up—"

"That wire," said Austin, "was to old man Rolph from Parkin, as you may recall. It stated that their research department had just discovered a new refining process which would just about revolutionize the industry, that Parkin's subsidiary would shift overnight from a liability to a decided asset."

Slade grunted. "I guess I'm dumb, sir. If Parkin sent the wire, why was he in league with Terry, who had it stopped?"

"It's almost impossible," admitted Austin, "yet true. Parkin, you see, was playing both ends against the middle. He'd been promised a high executive job by the purchasers if the sale went through, but if anything went sour along the line, he wanted to be cleared. Don't you see—if things began to get hot, he had tried to warn his company of the new developments, only someone, namely Bob Slade, had held up the wire."

Slade shivered. "I get you. And I wouldn't be around to tell."

"Right for the first time," Austin laughed. "You weren't going to tell your side of the story. In fact, I don't think it was in their plans to have you seen or heard of after this fine evening."

Slade said, "All this is very fine, but please enlighten a poor layman on one point. How in hell did you get the dope on me and Terry? How could you have heard of Terry's proposition?"

Austin smiled. "You should know me by this time, Slade. I've hung around your place plenty this past week. I'll see if I can refresh your memory a bit." He stopped the car under an arc light, draped his form over the wheel as though he had suddenly felt the effects of booze.

"Yeah," he said, "I gotta dame in Wash-Washington . . ."

The rummy! Though it hurt Slade's head he laughed heartily. ■■

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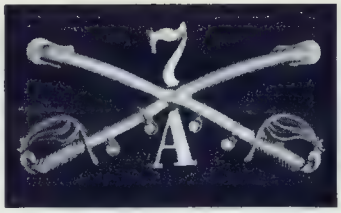

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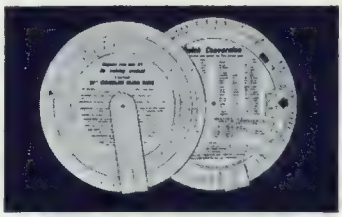

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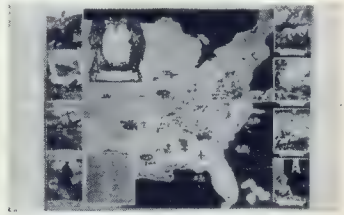

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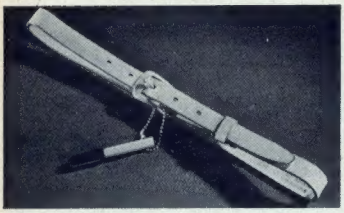

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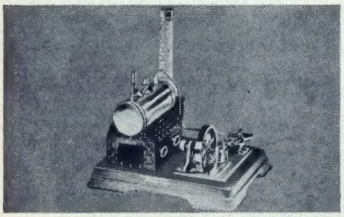

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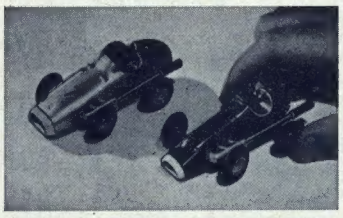

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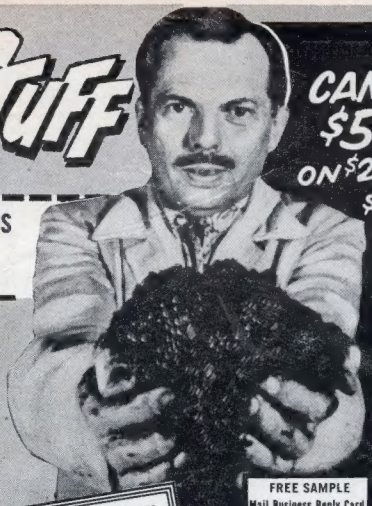

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A corner of garage, basement, or service porch is room enough to start. Do Velvo-Finishing evenings or weekends, and keep present job until you are "set." Profit from this *double income* in beginning, and *bank* the extra money — to buy a home, for a secure future, or to open your own *full-time business* when you are ready.

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Protects and Beautifies METAL, WOOD, PAPER, GLASS Anything at all!

FREE SAMPLE
Mail Business Reply Card
No Postage Necessary

BECOME EXPERT IN A FEW HOURS!

No previous experience or special skill needed. My complete illustrated instructions make it easy to *learn, easy to do.* Few hours of *practice* make you a professional. Some actually complete and deliver their first high-profit jobs within a *day* or *two* after materials arrive!

NOTE: This new kind of Coupon-Business Reply Postcard requires no stamp or envelope. Write your name and address clearly on the lines provided—then clip and drop in mailbox. Nothing else to do. When we receive it, we will rush FREE USABLE SAMPLES, HOME BUSINESS BOOKLET and CONFIDENTIAL DETAILS to you by return mail absolutely Free.

EARN UP TO $250 A WEEK

Of course, not *every* job pays $10 for 15 to 20 minutes work. And not *every* minute is productive. You must spend *some* time discussing orders with customers, preparing your materials, cleaning your tools. But profits are so *fantastic* that just a *few jobs a week* can bring in $200 or more. I show you *exactly what to do* to get these big-pay orders rolling in!

ORDERS COME FROM HOMES, STORES, FACTORIES, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

Prospects for Velvo-Finish are behind almost *every door.* Illustrations here show only few from *hundreds* of uses. Cover bottoms of lamps, ash trays, pottery, to prevent scratching tables. Beautify old book cases. Put green game-room tops on card tables. Make and sell your own Xmas cards and toys *by mail order* (I show you how). Line trunks, compartments of new and used cars with this velvet-soft finish to protect luggage *(tremendous* market here!). And many more. Instructions include *scores* of money-making ideas like these.

ENJOY REAL PROSPERITY IN GOOD TIMES OR BAD

Velvo-Finish *saves* money by renewing and beautifying *old* articles so *your* trade often *picks up* when other business is in a slump. Do you ever worry about losing your job? Change that with a *year-round* big-profit business of your own! Buy the nice home and fine car of your dreams. Have money and time for *several* vacations a year. Plan a *better* education for your children. Velvo-Finish can do *all* this . . . and *more!* Start by mailing the Coupon *TODAY* for big FREE packet – samples, ideas, business plans, full details.

RESERVE YOUR FRANCHISE TODAY! SURE!

OTHERS DO IT—SO CAN YOU!

$10,000 A YEAR!
"Earned $10,000 a year from spare-time start."
G. H., California

$13 AN HOUR!
"Got $52.50 doing auto trunks in 4 hours . . . earned $13 per hour."
J. O., Missouri

TOO MANY ORDERS!
"Getting orders faster than I can handle in spare time."
W. R., Wyoming

$100 JOB 1ST DAY!
"Got $100 job first day . . . promise of several more already."
C. H. E., Maryland

QUICK $100 ORDER!
"Got quick $100 order from store . . . lined up 5 others in 4 hours."
H. G. R., Wisconsin

FREE!

SAMPLES, 50 HOME-BUSINESS IDEAS BOOKLET AND CONFIDENTIAL DETAILS

Just write your Name and Address on Card—Cut Out—Mail. (Ignore printing on back) We pay postage.

NO CHARGE FOR FRANCHISES
MANY OPENINGS NOW, BUT GOING FAST

Don't delay. Be the *first* in your area to cash-in on this amazing development. Many firms with such a sensational money-making invention would charge *hundreds of dollars* just for the license to use it – but Velvo-Finish Franchises are FREE to those who act at once!

Expect $1000 a Month Profit Permanent – Big Future

Exciting profits today – even *bigger* earnings soon, as your reputation grows in the community. Don't stand idly by and watch someone else get the "gravy." Start NOW . . . *TODAY!*

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4. ARIZONA AMES. His blazing six-shooter spread terror in the hearts of the toughest badmen!
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6. ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River, where men stopped at nothing to win the high stakes of the rich salmon runs.
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